

The Sketch.

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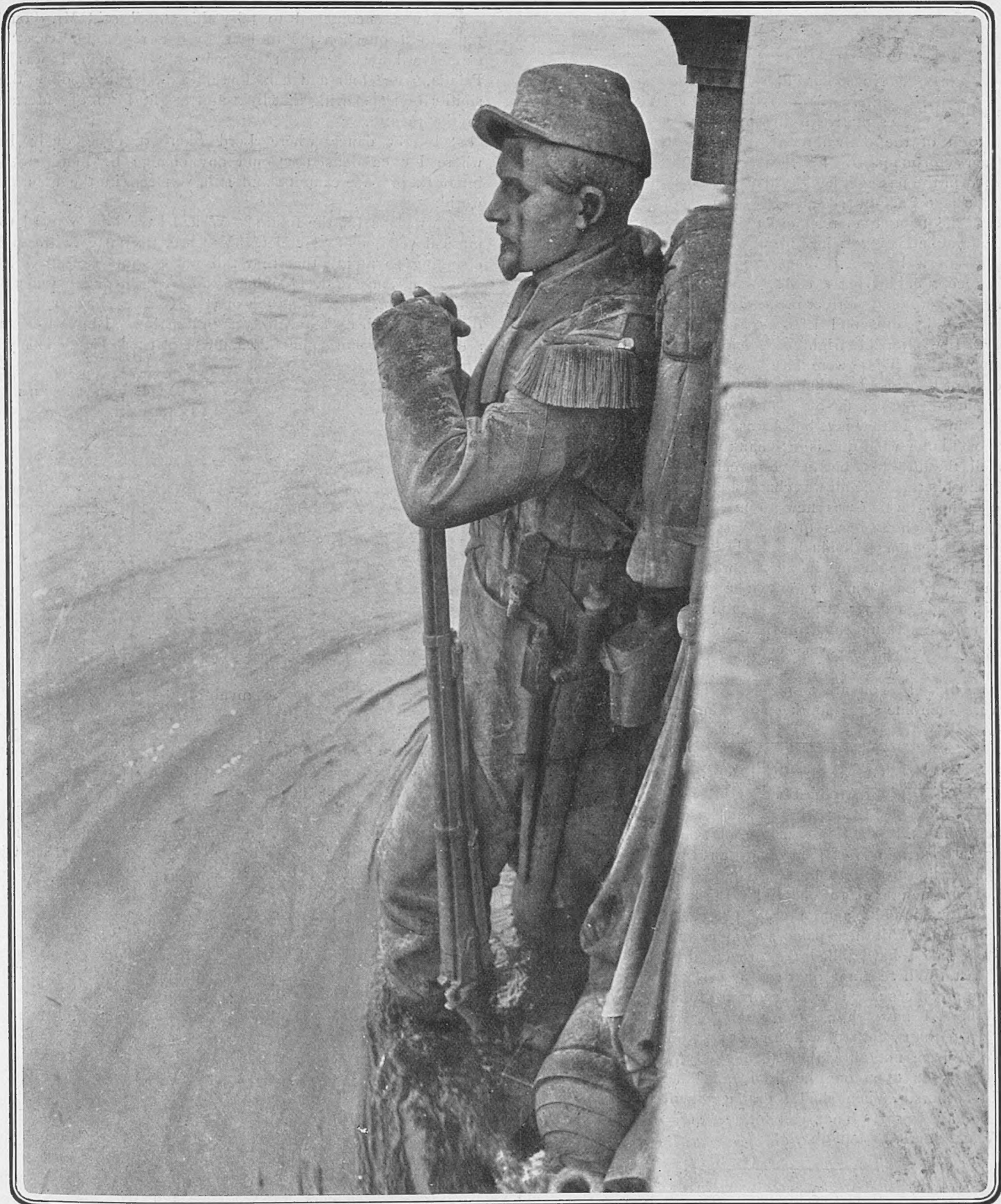
"My age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."
—AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Sketch

No. 992.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1912,

SIXPENCE.



THE SEINE-OMETER! A STONE SOLDIER WHICH MARKS THE RISE OF THE WATER.

When Paris is threatened with floods, she turns eager eyes to the Pont de l'Alma, and, more especially, watches the water submerging its stone infantrymen, which have become a kind of "Nilometer," a gauge for all to see. During the inundation of 1910, it was feared that the Pont de l'Alma, whose arches are very low, would have to be blown up to allow the river to pass, for had the water risen above the top of the arches, the structure would have acted as a dam.

Photograph by Meurisse.

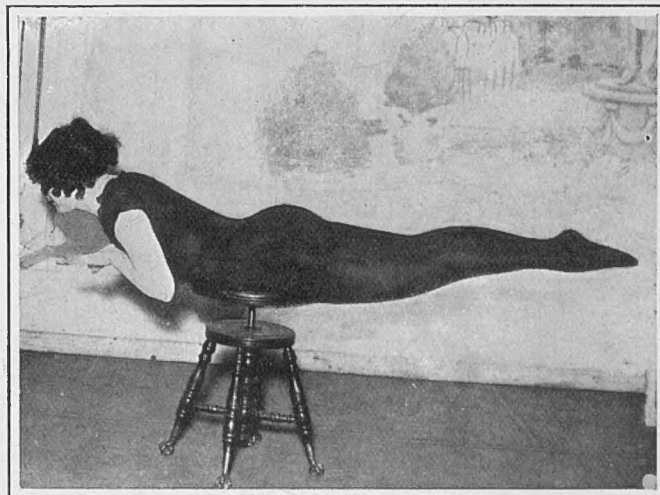
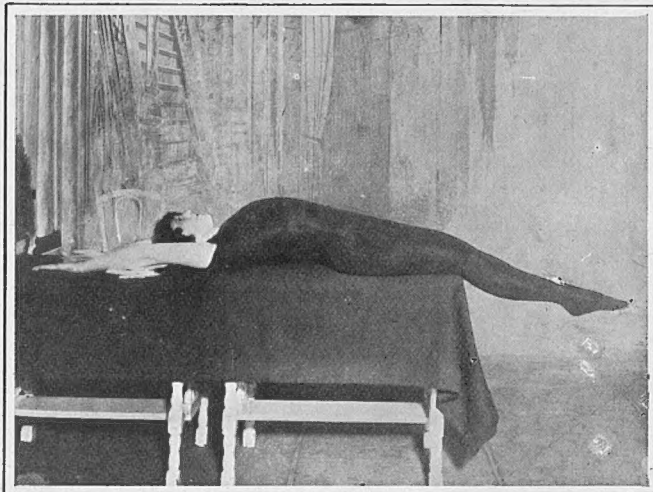
TO WED THAT VERSATILE PEER, LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.



TO MARRY ON FEBRUARY 20: MISS MARGHERITA VAN RAALTE.

Miss Margherita van Raalte, who is to marry Lord Howard de Walden, one of the wealthiest, most versatile, and most art-loving of young peers, on Feb. 20, is the elder daughter of Mrs. Charles van Raalte and of the late Mr. Charles van Raalte. She is, of course, very well known in London Society. Although she has never sung in public at any charity entertainment, and sings comparatively rarely, she has an excellent, well-trained voice, and is decidedly musical in her tastes. Lord Howard de Walden will be thirty-two in May. Among his many interests are armour, fencing, falconry, racing, yachting, poetry, music, and playwriting. He is a great landowner, and draws much of his income—which, it is suggested, is between £200,000 and £300,000 a year—from his Marylebone estate, which includes Cavendish Square. He fought with distinction in South Africa. As we have noted, he owns racehorses, but there is a story that he has been seen reading poetry on the racecourse. The wedding is to take place on Feb. 20. A reception will be held at 46, Grosvenor Square, on the preceding day.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



SWIMMING ON DRY LAND AS A CURE FOR RED NOSES AND OTHER MISFORTUNES: MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN ILLUSTRATING HER BEAUTY - ATTAINING "SWIMMING."

It has been claimed for Miss Kellermann, the well-known swimmer, that she has "the most perfect woman's figure in the world." She has been playing with very great success at the Winter Garden, New York, where she recently delivered a lecture on how women may acquire a good pose, get rid of red noses, and generally make themselves supple and athletic. She herself is ample proof of the beauty-bringing powers of swimming.—[Photographs by International News Service.]



MUCH DECORATED: CHAMPION PRINCE PIPKIN WEARING SOME OF HIS MEDALS.

Champion Prince Pipkin is a pug (as our photograph shows, not of the human variety) who has won no fewer than ten championships. He is here seen wearing some of the trophies of the show bench, and fittingly disdainful. With him, as the lawyers say, is his owner, Miss Wooldridge.

Photograph by Topical.



SERVANTS DICING FOR CHARITY MONEY: MISS FLORENCE SQUIRE, WHO WON £11 19s.

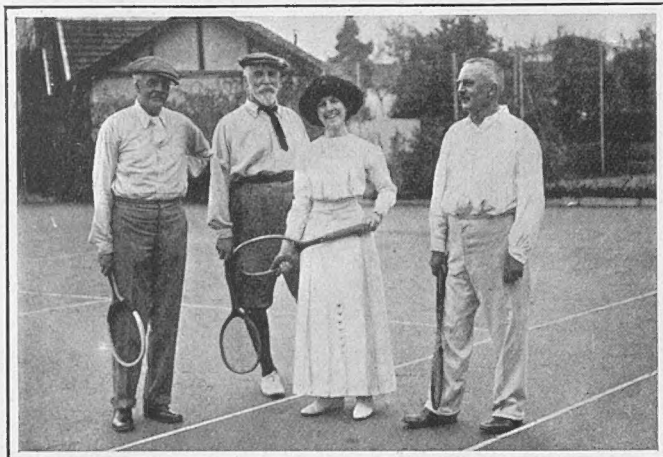
Dice-throwing for the charity founded by John How in 1674 was seen at Guildford last week. The candidates were servant-girls "qualified by good repute and long service."

Photograph by Sport and General.



FOLLOWING IN HER MOTHER'S AND HER FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: MISS MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY.

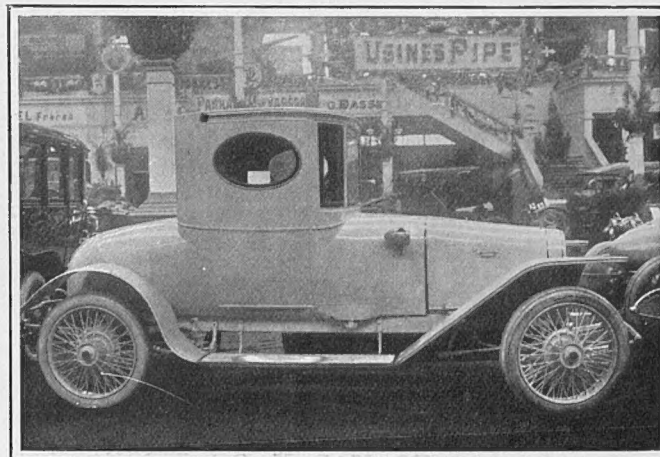
Miss Martin Harvey, daughter of Mr. Martin Harvey and his wife, Miss N. de Silva, is to appear at the Comedy Theatre in Mr. R. C. Carton's new piece. She is only eighteen, and this will be her first speaking part. At the St. James's, a year or so ago, she "walked on" in "The Eccentric Lord Comberdene."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



IN DOUBLES HARNESS: MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR AS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, AT CANNES.

The ex-leader of the Opposition paid a visit the other day to the Cannes Croquet and Lawn-Tennis Club and took part in a doubles. From left to right are seen Mr. Balfour, Sir Edgar Vincent, Mrs. A. H. Crossfield, and Captain Hedley.

Photograph by C.N.

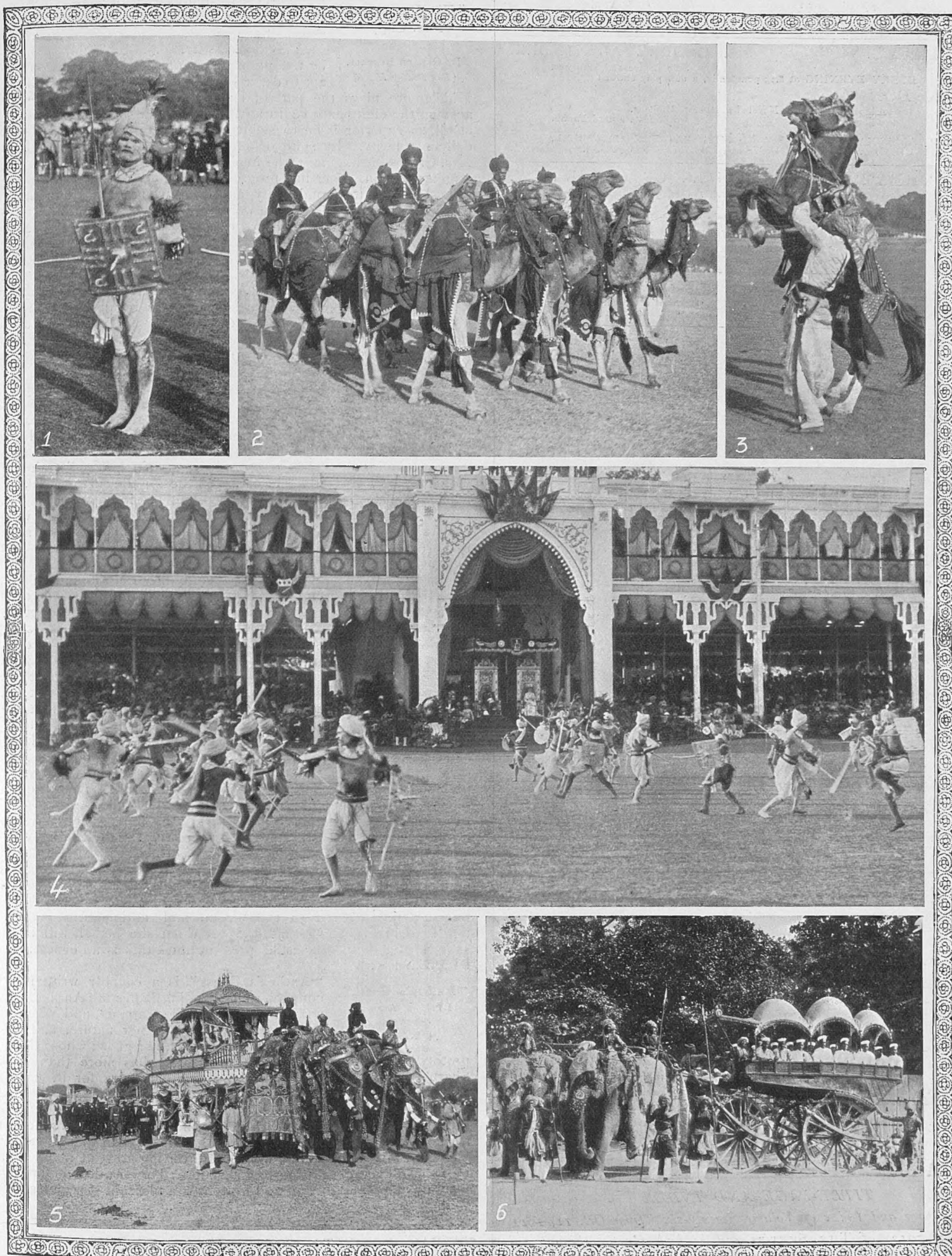


AFTER THE TORPEDO THE SUBMARINE: A MOTOR-CAR WITH A NEW FORM OF BODY, IN BELGIUM.

The ingenuity of the motor-car designer knows no limits. The torpedo-body has been familiar for a considerable time. Now, as fitting companion, comes the submarine body of the type here illustrated.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A CHANCE FOR THE NEXT LORD MAYOR: SHOW AS IT IS IN INDIA.



1. A WHITEWASHED WARRIOR: A PAIK DANCER AT THE CALCUTTA PAGEANT.

2. BEARING MEN ARMED WITH REMARKABLE BLUNDERBUSSSES: THE FAMOUS EIGHT CAMELS OF BENARES, IN THE CALCUTTA PAGEANT.

3. THE WALTZ CRAZE IN INDIA? A DANCING-HORSE AT THE GREAT PAGEANT.

4. WARRIOR-LIKE ANTICS BEFORE THE KING-EMPEROR AND THE QUEEN-EMPRESS: PAIKS FROM ORISSA GIVING A WAR-DANCE.

5. MORE GORGEOUS THAN THE LORD MAYOR'S! THE REWAH ELEPHANT-COACH.

6. FOR RANJI'S POETS AND PUNDITS: THE NAWANAGAR ELEPHANT-COACH.

The great Indian pageant held on the Maidan at Calcutta before the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress on January 5 was an extraordinary display of native magnificence. The decorated cars, and the trappings of the elephants and camels and dancing horses, as well as the costumes of the human participants, far outshone in their gorgeous riot of colour anything we can do in the grey streets of London. At the same time they might afford some useful hints to the next Lord Mayor for his Show, for, as is well known, every Lord Mayor is out for novelty on his procession-day. One of the most picturesque events of the pageant was the war-dance of the Paiks from Orissa, who with painted bodies, silver swords and shields, and turbans of pink and blue, gave a mock-combat of startling realism. Notable also were the famous eight camels of Benares, their riders armed with quaint old blunderbusses, and the magnificent Rewah car, a domed pavilion on wheels, bearing the Rajah and his Court, and drawn by two gigantic elephants. It was preceded by a car, also drawn by two elephants, carrying four Court poets and thirteen pundits from Nawanagar, the State now ruled by Ranjitsinhji, of cricket fame.—[Photographs by Central News Staff Photographer, L.N.A. Staff Photographer, and Illustrations Bureau.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

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LITTLE THEATRE, John Street, Adelphi. Proprietress:

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MR. ROBERT LORAIN produces (for a short run only)

MAN AND SUPERMAN. By Bernard Shaw.
 Nightly at 8.30. Matinee every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. **CRITERION THEATRE.**

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. Wed. Jan. 31, at 8, LOUISE.

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 Sat., Feb. 3, **LOUISE.**
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A Comedy of Honour. Guy Rawlence. 6s.

THE BODLEY HEAD.

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The Shadow of Power. Paul Bertram. 6s.

NASH.

The Mystery of Nine. W. Le Queux. 6s.
Some Reminiscences. Joseph Conrad. 5s.
The Town of Crooked Ways. J. S. Fletcher. 6s.

LONG.

The Spindle. Elizabeth Harden. 6s.
The Pick of the Stable. Nat Gould. 6d.
Two Men and a Governess. Olivia Ramsey. 6s.
Chicane. Oliver Sandys. 6s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.

Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland.
 Sir J. Rogers, K.C.M.G. 7s. 6d. net.

WARD, LOCK.

The Mystery of the Ravenspurs. Fred M. White. 6s.

PEARSON.

How to Write for the Papers. Albert E. Bull. 2s. 6d.

METHUEN.

Prisoners' Years. I. Clarke. 6s.

SEELEY, SERVICE.

My Adventures Among South Sea Cannibals. Douglas Rannie. 16s. net.

HEINEMANN.

The Modern Parisienne. Octave Uzanne. 6s. net.

He Who Passed. Anon. 6s.

The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. Carl Hovey. 7s. 6d. net.

MARTIN SECKER.

Carnival. Compton Mackenzie. 6s.

STORIES OF FEMININE COMEDY.**"The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore."**

By GERARD BENDALL.
 (*The Bodley Head.*)

"Congreve, I should say, with a little Sheridan thrown in—so superior to sickly modern sentiment. Such sureness of touch, such brilliancy, such delicious levity. . . ." These words, used by the philosopher of Mr. Bendall's book, are apt to describe the comedy wherein Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore plays the part of leading lady. Only by taking into account the eighteenth century can Mr. Bendall be counted English at all, so superior is he to sickly modern sentiment, so given to a delicious levity. In spite of forty-five years and three children, Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore (the hyphen was of her insertion) remained a pretty woman. She had progressed with her prospering husband from Hackney to Brondesbury, and from Brondesbury to a marble palace in Hampstead. Those were the days of Nonconformity, for Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore, always deeply religious, was by education an ardent Dissenter. The reader will see her emerge from her widowhood to enter simultaneously the Catholic Church, the Peerage, and a mansion in Mayfair, "which, though it did not compare in size and magnificence with the marble halls of Hampstead, was felt, even by herself, to be more suitable as a residence of the old nobility of England." Attendant upon her progress are several remarkable persons besides those of her interesting family. The philosopher of Gray's Inn, Isidore Schlange, a German stockbroker; a suave Monsignore; and Lord Childerditch, the Catholic Peer, "who was essentially the exact counterpart of his ancestor of four hundred years ago. There was the same sincere, gross, unquestioning religious faith; the same contempt for the bourgeoisie, and especially those who worked; the same calm belief in himself and his order, and their paramount importance in the scheme of existence. He did not make the plebeian error of confounding honour with money. Just as his forefather in the Middle Ages would have lived upon the bounty of his Sovereign, or, if poor, would have accepted presents from his mistress, so Lord Childerditch would have taken money from any source merely as his right, as something due to him. . . . It was not his fault that he was born in a feeble and degenerate age, when the privileges of gentlemen were curtailed and the rights of the nobility questioned." There is also the Rev. Moore Curtis—or, as some of his friends called him, the Rev. Most Curteous—a tribute to his tact, judgment, and knowledge of the heart of man. He was a Nonconformist preacher, drifting into politics, and should have been a diplomatist. "None knew better than he not only how to avoid quenching the smoking flax, but also how to maintain it in a state of gentle but sufficient heat, without allowing it to burst forth in dangerous conflagration." Each of these, while maintaining a distinct personality, is general enough in our social life to be recognised as a type; all get their deserts at Mr. Bendall's hands, and receive so witty a whipping, and so fair and good-tempered a one, that it becomes an enjoyment to the onlooker, whatever his prejudices. Mr. Bendall says somewhere that most readers do not relish good talk, and that those who could appreciate it are rarely novel-readers—or his philosopher says it for him. That conviction has not stayed him from scattering pearls of the best talk possible at every opportunity. And the apotheosis of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore (that was) entertaining only descendants of the Crusaders and children of the delightful mistresses of Charles the Second, or seated in her carved chair before the Renaissance masterpiece which portrayed a presentation to the Virgin, and anticipating with her new faith, precise and formal, the day when she herself will be the subject of a similar celestial presentation—this is an evocation to be recalled with joy.

"Anthea's Guest."

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.
 (*Methuen.*)

"Anthea's Guest" is a capably written little comedy, whose leading ladies are Anthea, grave and youthful, sensible, capable, and with suggestions of nobility in her nature, and poor struggling little Lydia, her guest, whose literary prototype is certainly Becky Sharp. She has more than Becky Sharp's luck, and one cannot be altogether sorry for it, because Mrs. Sidgwick is so human an artist that she suggests, without actually declaring it, that the Lydias of this world are less fitted for the storms and the battles than the Antheas. We are introduced to an amusing little company; no one more so than that lugubrious bachelor, Mr. Popplestone, who is as diverting to read about as he must have been depressing to entertain. How Anthea entertained unawares a potential Aunt and usurper is a pleasant story, pleasantly told.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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Welcome Home Again.

The King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress, their long journey nearly finished, are almost in home waters again, and London and all England are preparing to give them such a welcome home as Sovereigns rarely receive. The presence of the King-Emperor and his Consort in India has done more to strengthen the foundations of British rule in that country than many proclamations and hundreds of beneficent laws could do; and it was for this reason that the enemies of the British rule in India did their best to frighten British officials in India, and by so doing, to prevent the King-Emperor from visiting the country. Since the days of Akbar and Jehangir, no ruler of India has ever been placed on the Gadi with such pomp and splendour as surrounded the enthronement of the present Emperor, and the stern warrior nations of the north recognised in him a soldier King, while the emotional Bengalis were delighted even to the shedding of tears by the confidence placed in them by the Emperor, who drove about amongst them in Calcutta as though he were in his own city of London.

At Port Soudan.

The royal visit on the homeward journey to Port Soudan, where the King was received by the leading British officials and commanders in Egypt, will have emphasised to the Arabs of the Soudan that it was the generals and statesmen of Great Britain who recovered the desert provinces and delivered them from the rule of the Madhi, and that, come what may in future years, so far as Egypt on the Mediterranean is concerned, the British flag will always fly at the junction of the White and the Blue Niles, and that the merchandise of the Soudan will, if necessary, find an outlet to the Red Sea. Malta, deprived by pestilence of an earlier visit, has rejoiced all the more in the home-coming visit of the King, and most of the maritime nations of the Mediterranean coasts sent battle-ships to welcome the Sea King at the little island which has been held



CHALLENGER OF ALL AMATEURS: MISS RUBY ROBERTS, THE WELL-KNOWN AUSTRALIAN BILLIARD-PLAYER.

Miss Ruby Roberts, who has toured for eighteen months with Mr. John Roberts in the East and is now on a visit to this country, is surprising knights of the cue by her brilliant play. She challenges any male amateur, and has already won, in a masterly manner, numerous games that she has played against great odds. She is a good all-round player and does not depend upon any particular stroke.

King and Queen drive only under the archway. This etiquette as to the royal road through an archway used also to exist in regard to the Marble Arch when that dingy adornment formed an entrance to Hyde Park. Now that it no longer is a gateway, but merely an ornament in the middle of a broad road, it is unlikely that a monarch will ever exercise his privilege of driving through it.

The Horse Guards Arch.

The archway the right to drive through which is most jealously guarded is the arch under the Horse Guards, where a sentry of the Household troops keeps watch-and-ward on foot, and outside which the two mounted troopers sit on their horses in the big boxes. Besides members of the Royal Family, only a few great officials and their wives, the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other important personages are permitted to drive through this arch; and the policeman on duty, backed up, of course, if necessary, by the guard of the Household troops, is instructed to stop any carriage the occupant of which he does not recognise as a privileged person. Many of the very great people who do not constantly exercise their right have found that their features are unfamiliar to one member at least of the Metropolitan police.

A Royal Duke in New York.

It was a disappointment to the reporters of the New York papers that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter resolutely refused, while in New York on a private visit, to be treated as though they were official representatives of the King and Queen paying a visit of ceremony to the United States. One paper chronicled, with something approaching astonishment, that duplicates of the clothes in which the Duke walked up Fifth Avenue could be obtained at a down-town store for twenty dollars, which either showed that good clothes are extremely cheap in New York or that the reporter in question had no eye for cut and material. Another scribe, with perhaps a sense of humour, wondered that anyone born in the purple could be content to wear a simple blue ulster coat. One scare, which seems to have been allayed as soon as raised, was that the guests who were to meet their Royal Highnesses were being selected by them, and that the list of the absolutely inner circle of the four hundred was being compiled by a British Duke, which, of course, was a thing unthinkable in a great democratic Republic. All that had really happened was that, in accordance with universal custom, the list of people invited to meet their Royal Highnesses had been submitted to them and had been approved.



WITH DOG IN PLACE OF HORSE: SKI-JÖRING IN ONE OF ITS LATEST FORMS.

in turn by so many Powers, and which has been fought for so fiercely by Christians and Moslems.

The Constitution Hill Arch.

The King returning to London will find that very few changes have taken place in his capital during his absence. The one new improvement, the Quadriga on the top of Constitution Hill Arch, he will not see during his drive from the station to the Palace, for the scaffolding built to support the big crane blocks up the centre gateway, and though ordinary people can drive round the arch on either side, a



WITH MOTOR-CYCLE IN PLACE OF HORSE: SKI-JÖRING IN ONE OF ITS LATEST FORMS.

Photographs by C.N.



WHEN, just a year ago, Mr. Hugo Charteris and Lady Violet Manners were married in St. Margaret's, a packed congregation held its breath like sardines out of water—the bridegroom had had an accident; he limped, he was in pain; even the



WITH SKIS AND TOBOGGANS: THE COUNTESS OF LEITRIM, COUNTESS OF CLANWILLIAM, EARL OF LEITRIM, AND EARL OF CLANWILLIAM.

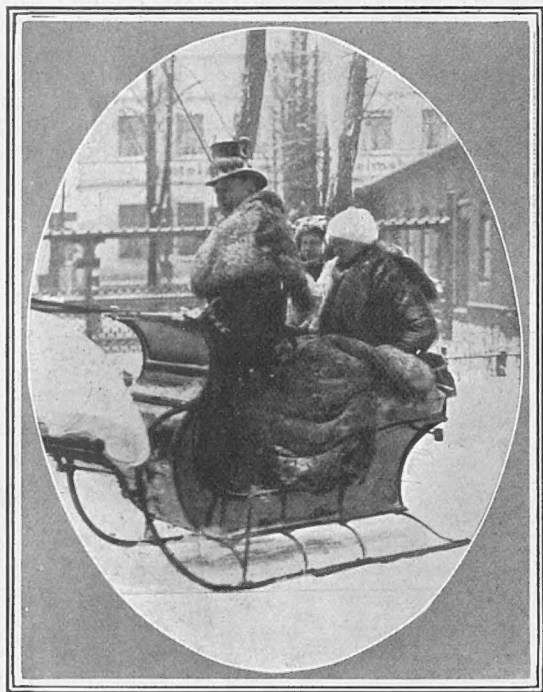
Lord Leitrim, the fifth Earl, was formerly in the 9th Lancers and served in South Africa. In 1902 he married Miss Violet Lena Henderson, daughter of the late R. Henderson, of Sedgwick Park, Horsham. The Earl of Clanwilliam, who also served in South Africa, married, in 1909, Muriel, daughter of Russell Stephenson, and widow of the Hon. Oliver Howard.

Photograph by C.N.

Botticellian bridesmaids puckered their brows. Word soon went round that he had tripped and fallen on the stairs at a reception the day before, and the front pew asked the pew behind if he had fallen down or up, if he were lucky or unlucky. Now it no longer matters, except that the superstitious have an answer to their question. The birth of a son and heir and the flourishing condition of mother and babe have satisfied him, and a bevy of wondering new-made aunts, that all's right with the world.

Close, Camp, and Covert.

The rule that a canon's daughter must marry a canon or a colonel is honoured as often in the breach as the observance, and even a baron sometimes wins a wife from cathedral precincts, although a duke, it is said, has no chance there. Canon Knox-Little's daughter kept the spirit, but now breaks the letter of this law; her husband, from being Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Richard Lawley, becomes Lord Wenlock, and his most accomplished wife finds herself the mistress of a



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ONLY DAUGHTER AND HIS YOUNGEST SON SLEIGHING NEAR POTSDAM: PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE AND PRINCE JOACHIM OF PRUSSIA.

There is especial interest in Princess Victoria Louise just now in view of persistent rumours that her engagement is about to be announced. She was born in September 1892. Prince Joachim is nearly two years her senior.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

sporting estate and the other appendages of a prosperous barony. The worthy Canon has fathered other surprising offspring, including a book, "The Broken Vow," which honest librarians catalogue under "Hard-Knox" instead of "Little."

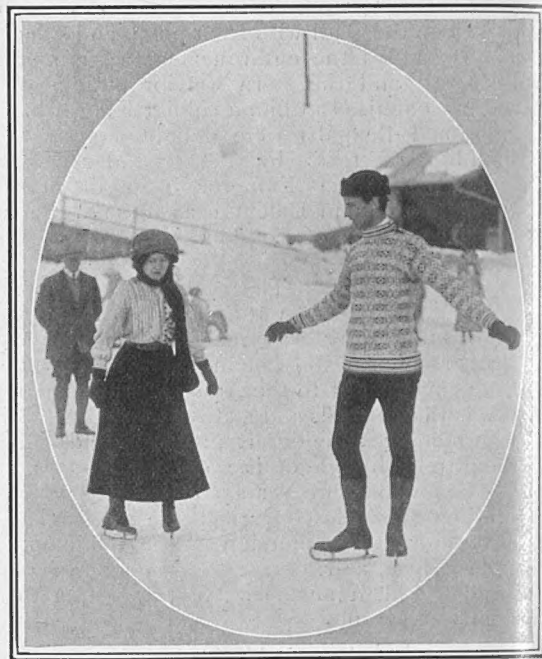
Quick March!

The Earl of March sets a good example by himself producing two volumes of the life and letters of the second Duke of Richmond, instead of turning the Goodwood archives over to some professional bookmaker. His history is lively, and its excellence has taken unaware the friends, at the Turf, at the Bachelors', at the Guards', who hardly suspected him of literature. The *Athenaeum*—the paper, not the club—holding the amateur somewhat in suspicion, ends its praises with "Lord March may be recommended, however, to chasten his style, which is too exclamatory." All the same, a good style, in one respect, is that which reflects the character of the writer. It is natural that "Quick March," as Lord Roberts once called his A.D.C. in South Africa, should dash at his subject, and cover the ground at a gallop.

Calling Names.

The disinclination, amounting to an impassable barrier, of the English officer for a uniform is symptomatic. Similarly, Mr. F. Money Coutts found he could not go through life with a label; and although as Mr. Francis Coutts his name is still suggestive of money, he is, if no poorer, rather easier. Miss Richenda Barclay, who now becomes Mrs. John Flower, in

future will sign her name with half the load of wealth lifted from her gilt pen. Hitherto her signature seemed out of place except on cheques. The opulence of other names is not always supported by circumstances. The engagement of the daughter of the late Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton to Mr. Cyril Bailey, Fellow of Balliol, reminds one of the lady's name. Though born far from Bond Street, she is—Gemma!



WINTER-SPORTING: LORD LYTTON GIVING MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH A SKATING LESSON.

Photograph by C.N.



ON THE ICE: LADY LYTTON WITH HER ELDER DAUGHTER, LADY HERMIONE BULWER-LYTTON, AND HER ELDER SON, VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH.

Lady Lytton was Miss Pamela Chichele-Plowden, daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden, of Hazlehurst, Ore, Sussex. Her elder son was born in 1903; her younger, in 1910. Her elder daughter was born in 1905; her younger, in 1909. The very serious illness of her youngest child, the Hon. Alexander Edward Bulwer-Lytton, caused her to return from Mürren in haste last week.—[Photograph by C.N.]

FAR FROM 10, DOWNING STREET: ATTITUDES ASQUITHIAN.



THE PREMIER'S WIFE AND WINTER SPORT: MRS. ASQUITH SKATING IN SWITZERLAND.

Mrs. Asquith, who is the Premier's second wife, was known before her marriage, in 1894, as Miss Emma Alice Margaret Tennant, daughter of Sir C. Tennant, first baronet. In two photographs she is shown with Master Anthony Asquith; in a third, again with him and with Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

Photographs by C.N. and Newspaper Illustrations.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

CHINAMEN are said to be cutting off their pigtails and taking to hats. Anyhow, this is a sign of grace, for to see a pigtailed Chinaman in a billycock hat is a thing to make you wish that the East and West were twain that never could meet.

A weird dance, called the "Garrotin," very popular in Spain, is, says the *Evening News*, shortly to be seen in London. That is the very word to describe the dancing of the clumsy youth which for many years past has been more common than popular in these islands.



Fair play's a jewel. If women are to leave "obey" out of the marriage service, what may we men omit? "With all my worldly goods" or "forsaking all others"? The dear girls cannot have it all their own way.

"Let your baby grow like a flower," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson. Personally, if I had a baby, I should prefer it to grow like a child.



"aristocracy," and also the tendency of the younger set to show a highly unsatisfactory leaning towards democracy. That such weaknesses should occur in a played-out old country like England is only natural, but how awful that such things should be in the "greatest Republic the world has ever seen"! Tears, etc.

Miss Macleod says that, in the Cameroons, the German officers are obliged to drill their native troops in English, because the natives think that anyone who cannot speak English cannot be a real white man. Our black brudder seems an intelligent person, after all.

Only a week or two now remains for you to secure a piece of coal to set, instead of that useless diamond, in the centre of your dress-shirt. But, unless you are a South African millionaire, you cannot hope ever to present your wife with a tiara set with genuine wallsend.

Who was Sophocles? The friend



"The earliest form of currency, I am inclined to think, consisted of axes," said Mr. Edward Lovett to the Folklore Society. Exactly. And when tradesmen and tax-collectors called they got that currency in the neck.

An American Consul reports that there is no



of an eminent novelist (this is vague, for "eminent" have so many friends) once put him on a level with Shakespeare. In that case, who was his Bacon?

BRAINS v. MUSCLE.

("The world no longer wants big, exceptionally strong men; machinery and labour on the earth unnecessary.")



country in the world where the mosquitoes are so numerous and so large as they are in the Klondike. They are evidently the only true and original Gold Bugs.

"Lost in London." The Loriners' Guild have mislaid their Hall, which was last heard of on October 3, 1789. There are several fine old buildings in the back streets round the Mansion House. Why does not the Loriners' Guild

saving appliances have made their presence Dr. Hulbut.)

What is this that the doctors say? "The days of the giant have passed away."

I thought that they passed away long ago, When Goliath went squeaking down below;

That even Sandow has had to use His brains instead of his mighty thews, Since labour-saving appliances can Give Hercules' strength to the little man.

The twencent cert., as it seems to me, Is that little men also will cease to be; For brains will always be owned by few, And the ruck will possess a finger or two

With strength sufficient to touch a knob And start machinery on its job. Remember the great truth, well expressed, "You press the button, we do the rest."

Charged with exposing bad meat for sale in Paris, a cattle-breeder said that the meat had gone bad because the ox was hysterical. He was too previous. *Vache enragée* is not due till carnival time.

The downward path. The Corporation of London has allowed a license it owns in Borough High Street to lapse, and is letting the premises to a political club.

Answers to current riddles are always amusing. "What is a woman's chief charm?" is solved by a well-known sportsman as consisting in her shoes and ankles. Obviously a man who has never had the "boot" from a woman at any period of his life.

"LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND."

(The question of a general renumbering of the Strand is to be considered by the L.C.C.)

By jungle-tracks the Britons strode Along the river's brink; The Romans engineered a road; The Saxons let it sink Into a bog-holed, miry way; The Middle Ages planned Their palaces and gardens gay, Along the ancient Strand.

As each successive age went by Our sires built something meet To amplify or beautify Their now historic street. And we, their heirs, can do no less Than boldly take in hand, After Progressive Wilderness, The numbering of the Strand!

Speaking of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, a New York hostess has been deploring the flow from outside into the exclusive fabric of New York





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE FROZEN ARCH: A BROBADINGNAGIAN ICEBERG OUTSIDE BATTLE HARBOUR, LABRADOR.

The great size of the berg may be judged from the Government patrol steamer seen at the back of it. Over two thirds of the ice is under water.



THE "MAYPOLE DANCE" IN INDIA: GIRLS PLAYING KOLATUM.

Our correspondent writes: "Kolatam is played by a number of Indian girls on the occasion of a festival or the celebration of any auspicious ceremony, and it is taught in some Hindu girls' schools by the teachers. A long straight pole is erected, on the top of which is a cloth bail in which differently coloured cords are fastened. Each girl takes one of the cords, and to the rhythm of noisy music, which is composed of cymbals, drums and flutes, the pupils, with dancing steps and graceful movement of arms and hands, go round the pole and plait up the cords into one thick rope. The performance has to be repeated to untwist all the cords again. After the dance the performers are invited to the houses of the relatives and friends of their parents, and are amply rewarded for their really attractive dance, which closely resembles a Maypole dance in Europe."—[Photograph by Wietz and Klein.]



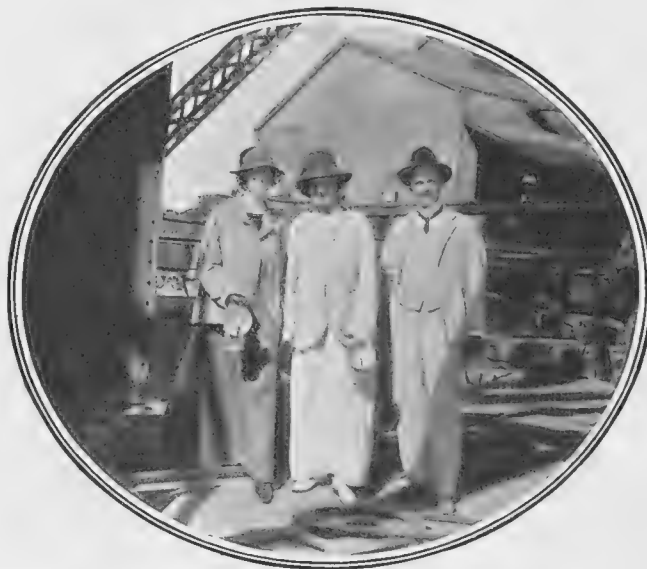
By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was decidedly the feature of the week, for first we had the second visit of the critics to "Orpheus in the Underground"; secondly, and more tremendous, came his début in the music-halls. I wonder whether Sir Henry Irving could have been lured into a palace of varieties as a performer; I merely wonder. However, I ought to begin by dealing with "Orpheus," which has been greatly improved since the first night, when it certainly was a little dull at times. No wonder. The main humour of the original book lay in judging the Olympian immortals by the standard of life and immortals of the Third Empire, and it contained many jokes which are now of merely antiquarian interest. Yet it was natural that the adaptors, instead of merely taking the spine of it—and at its best it was a little invertebrate—should have tried to use much of the flesh and skin as well. Now we have "Orpheus" quite up to date, and the hit of the piece is an interpolated quartet with Offenbachian music and references to such matters as the Insurance Act and the freedom of Hades from its operation owing to the lamentable inability of its inhabitants to lick stamps. Moreover, we have a new Eurydice in the charming person of Miss Viola Tree, whose singing, perhaps a little unequal, is quite excellent at times, and whose acting, thanks to her grace of movement, her energy, and natural gaiety, is of great assistance to the piece. And all the others have "bucked up," if I may use the language of the poet, and the book has been brightened by the addition of jokes, new, middle-aged, and old, so that now the whole affair trips on gaily.

The Music. A second hearing makes me think that perhaps the music has been praised a little too highly, and yet in comparison with the strains of the modern composer of musical comedy Offenbach's tunes, even if at times a little thin and tinkly, and although his orchestration occasionally is very tame, are quite refreshing. They have invention rather than science; the waltz in the song concerning the origin of that dance which provoked Byron's famous poem is quite charming, and throughout there is an absence of that kind of glutinous sweetness which renders the stuff of to-day easily cloying, and also of the smart rattle based upon the rag-time which has grown to be a frightful bore. Considering time and place, it is remarkable how much less erotic is the music of Offenbach and Lecocq than that of modern manufacturers with infinitely less talent, who, in our days, earn sums that would have staggered the popular composers of the corrupt Empire. There is no need for me to go a second time through the list of performers, who do their best heartily in the

presentation of "Orpheus in the Underground," or to comment upon the beauty of the young ladies who give the impression that Olympus is remarkably like the future home of the virtuous Mohammedan, or, indeed, of the others who suggest that there is a quite agreeable *pis aller* in the domain of Plutus. It is enough to add simply that the piece, from all points of view, is far more amusing and entertaining than most of the successful musical comedies.



A FAMOUS CLASSICAL DANCER AS "MINER": MISS MAUD ALLAN, IN "MINER'S KIT," LEAVING A KIMBERLEY MINE. Miss Maud Allan is here seen photographed during her South African tour, which has been a great success.

In the Halls. Sir Herbert's visit to the halls really does not seem to be worthy of the fuss about it. He has taken his own company and the well-known one-act play, "The Man who Was," and appeared at the Palace Theatre. Why not? The work is excellently suited to the place, and no one supposes that the average audience at the Palace is at all inferior to the average audience at His Majesty's. Yet I have read articles about Sir Herbert's triumph which, to the ignorant, would suggest the idea that he has suddenly converted barbarians to a love of "sweetness and light." It may be that the event tends the disappearance of the barrier between the halls and the theatre; but that barrier has long been like the one between the stalls and pit in the fashionable playhouses, which advances yards towards, or retires yards from, the footlights, according to the state of "business." Certainly Sir Herbert was at his best as Limmason, and gave a superb performance, in which he was very well supported by his company, and the house was justifiably enthusiastic.

A New Morality Play. There are moments when one

almost regrets that "Everyman" was unearthed, even after taking fully into account the great pleasure derived from that admirable work and the beautiful performance of Miss Wynne Matthison, whose absence we deplore; for the success of the old play has led to many efforts at imitation, though it is certain that the peculiar quality of "Everyman" is unattainable save by someone combining great literary gift with intense sincerity and a curiously interesting naïveté. Mr. H. M. Paul is an able writer who has some noteworthy successes on the stage to his credit; but one can hardly say that this combination is in him; and therefore his morality drama, which the Playactors' Society produced under the title of "The Painter and the Millionaire," despite some clever lines and ingenious ideas, hardly seems worth the trouble involved in writing a modern morality play. We can quite agree with the author in his proposition, assuming it to be his proposition, that prosperity may be injurious to an artist; but, turning to real life, one may say that there have been cases where the artist has been uninjured by success.



BREAKING THE BREAD OF VARIETY: SIR HERBERT TREE AS AUSTIN LIMMASON AND MISS FRANCES DILLON AS MILLICENT DURGAN IN "THE MAN WHO WAS," AT THE PALACE.

Sir Herbert Tree made his first appearance at a music-hall the other day, and was seen at the Palace in "The Man Who Was." He is likely to revive another one-act play there before long.

THE "PRINCESS PAT" OF AMERICA: "PRINCESS PATSEY."

"Such a lot of things as the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Ditto, and the lovely, beautiful, and fascinating Princess Pat, known best for her handy way of refusing to marry Kings, did see to-day."—*New York Globe*.

"Her skin shines a little, because it is very firm and very healthy, and it is clear and white where it is not flushed with a kind flush which is transparent. She is young and very happy, with an abundance of magnetism."—*New York Globe*.

"Princess Patricia is far lovelier than any photograph of her ever printed. She is beautiful. She has hazel eyes, round and wide-set, quick and gay. Her brows almost meet over her tip-tilted nose."—*New York Globe*.

"She is unmistakably very well bred, with that air of exquisite and perfect breeding which, of all women in the world, only a certain type of Englishwoman possesses."—*New York Globe*.

"How 'Princess Pat' was extricated breathless from the crowd, after she had been swept away from the main party."—*A Scare-head*.

"How she met the ten prettiest girls of New York, selected by Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson (herself a typical 'Gibson' girl)."—*A Scare-head*.



"How she told a Pressman that 'It is really a frightful rush, but it is all charming, and there's something in the New York air that keeps one going.'"—*A Scare-head*.

"How a daring photographer twitched her cuff while he pantingly directed her to wait until he selected a fresh plate; and how she posed by request at Grant's Tomb."—*A Scare-head*.

"... I'm sure her smile archaic,
From the Nile days Ptolemaic,
Blessed you for your kindly greeting—
Princess Pat."
The "New York American," inspired by Princess Patricia's interest in the mummy of Princess Artemisia, at the Metropolitan Museum.

"That she thought your hat a treasure,
That your gown enhanced her pleasure,
At this unexpected meeting—
Princess Pat."
The "New York American," inspired by Princess Patricia's interest in the mummy of Princess Artemisia, at the Metropolitan Museum.

CAPTOR OF NEW YORK: H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Princess Patricia, the younger and unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, captivated New York recently when she went there with her father and mother. American journalism "spread itself" for the occasion, and wrote all sorts of weird and wonderful things in weird and wonderful style. In other words, Republican America found its greatest interest for some days in British Royalty, though it certainly had that Royalty somewhat disguised as "Connaught, the Duchess of ditto, and Princess Pat." The New York reporter may be somewhat disappointed to hear that Princess Patricia's usual nickname is not "Princess Pat," but "Princess Patsey." Some "elegant extracts" from American journals form a part of the border of this page.

Photograph by Lafayette.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

FOR all the talk of American publicity and the American reporter, New York has attempted a thing that London may not dream of. More than mere reticence was attempted in regard to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's guests. "Covers for fifty" has a new significance for servants who did not only have to cover a table, but to cover up the identity of those who sat at it. The list will out, of course, even if it has to be made—a task not very difficult. And there were other things that had to be taught by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid to an obedient staff. Not many women in America except herself would have known, for instance, that no finger-bowls can be put upon the table at such times. The American explanation is as odd as the omission: it is not proper to wash in the presence of royalty! But the Duke over the water knows another story

At Beau Desert. Dancing during February

will be centred in London after having been practised upon the shires. To hunt all day and waltz all night has been the order of the twenty-four hours during a month not embarrassed by a single hard frost. Many houses have prolonged their hospitality; many have offered it on a large scale for the first time for years. Even Beau Desert was reopened, with balls and a large party. Lord Anglesey, since the fire of 1909, has had little chance of entertaining; before that he had still less. One might almost demand, as a result of the brilliant house-parties with which he opened the year, that they should mean for him the same happy fate

that has befallen his friend, Lord Stafford. Lord Anglesey is one of the handsomest of young men. Very tall, he—like Meredith's hero—"has a leg." Said of the first Lord Anglesey, this would mean that he had but one; the first Lord buried a limb after the Battle of Waterloo. But, said of the present peer, it means that he has a pair—and a good presence.

"The Professor." To Professor Reinhardt, London has offered wealth, a wreath, some abuse, and many luncheons. At Stafford House he had a hostess who not only admires his

productions, but has been to see them—twice to "Sumurun," to Olympia twice, and twice, in intention at least, to "Edipus." And, after luncheon, the Duchess had her own scenery to

show: the staircase in itself is a view, a stage, a world; and when the master-manager spoke of the opportunity such a place would give for spectacles, he gained the ear of a lady accomplished in such matters, and yet eagerly attentive. "And how would you do a wedding?" was the question on her lips; but, alas! the marriage of the Marquess of Stafford will probably not be celebrated by a swarm of Cupids in mid-air, or the chanting of an epithalamium. On February 12 Stafford House has a wedding, it is true, for then the Duchess's niece, Lady Rosabelle St. Clair Erskine,

marries Mr. David Bingham.

"Oh, Come Into My Parlour." Like Lord Glen-

conner in Queen Anne's Gate, Mr. Munro-Ferguson at Kirkcaldy has opened his gallery to the public. If, as most picture-owners would agree, every visitor is a person to the bad, then the gentleman in distant Scotland has the better of the situation. But neither he nor Lord Glenconner can be classed with the churlish majority. They are entirely unusual in

an anxiety to make the unknown caller welcome. That this willingness is every year becoming rarer is due to the rapid increase of picture-people, and to the many exhibitions of Old Masters which give the owners an outlet for such public spirit as they do possess. It is found much less trouble to send a picture to Burlington House for a month or two than to have the student marching through your own drawing-room. Privacy and the parquet floor are the two things at stake. If my Lord resolves to sacrifice the one (and retire to the smoking-room), my Lady agitates for the other. At Cleveland

House, in old days, there was posted a notice to the effect that "It is expected, if the weather be wet or dirty, that all visitors come in carriages." To this day, at other houses, overshoes of felt are provided in the hall to preserve a seemly distinction between the polished floor and the student's rugged sole.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (31st): MISS MAY DOUGLAS-DICK AND THE HON. CHARLES NOEL.

Miss Douglas-Dick is the eldest daughter of Colonel Douglas-Dick, C.B., of Pitkerro, Forfarshire. Mr. Noel is the second of the three sons of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, and was born in 1885.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Lafayette.



TO MARRY MISS M. A. LUBBOCK TO-DAY (31st): MR. G. N. FERRERS GUY.

Photograph by Piccadilly Arcade Studio.



TO MARRY MR. G. N. FERRERS GUY TO-DAY (31st): MISS M. A. LUBBOCK.

Photograph by Piccadilly Arcade Studio.



ENGAGED TO MR. OSMOND WILLIAMS: LADY GLADYS FINCH-HATTON.

Lady Gladys Finch-Hatton is the only daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Winchelsea, and was born in 1882. Mr. Osmond Traherne Deudraeth Williams is the elder son of Sir Osmond Williams, first Baronet, and was born in 1883.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. A. HOLDEN TO-DAY (31st): MISS V. MONTGOMERY.

Miss Montgomery is one of the three daughters of the Right Rev. H. H. Montgomery, formerly Bishop of Tasmania, Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Her mother is a daughter of the late Dean Farrar.

Photograph by Piccadilly Arcade Studio.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. W. SOPPER: MISS YVONNE TEMPERLEY.

Miss Temperley is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Temperley, of Sandhills, Bletchingley. Captain Sopper, of the 18th Hussars, is the eldest son of the late Mr. William Sopper, of Dunmaglass Daviot, Scotland. (Photograph by Rita Martin.)

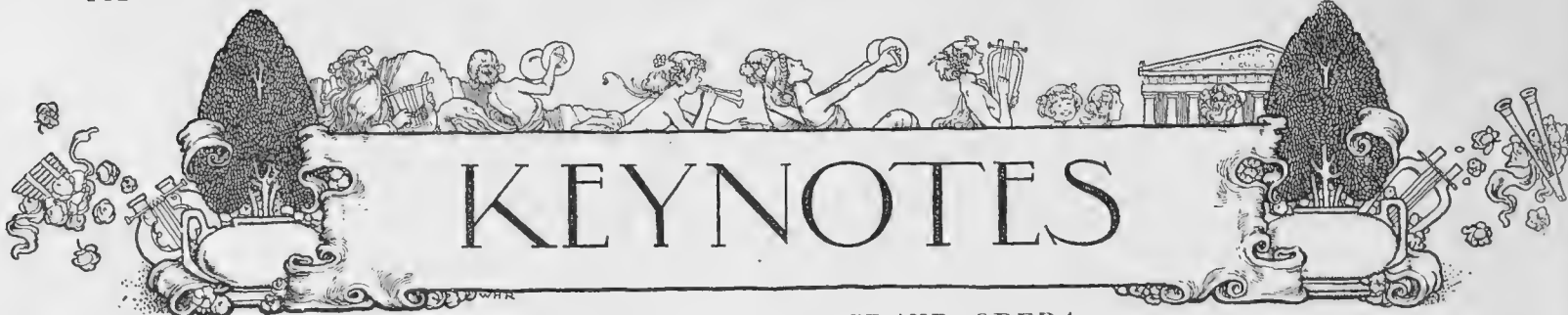
MUMMY'S THE WORD: THE LATEST IN FREAK PORTRAITURE.



THE LIVING IN THE "SHELL" OF THE DEAD: A SITTER PHOTOGRAPHED AS IN A MUMMY-CASE.

Those who are fond of freak photography, even if it take somewhat gruesome shape, may be recommended the particular form of it shown in this illustration. As a general rule, the case used is of cardboard, with a hole for the face of the person being photographed.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



THE PROBLEMS OF GRAND OPERA.

TWO months of actual experience would seem to have convinced Mr. Oscar Hammerstein that the man who runs Grand Opera in London without an assured subscription list is hardly likely to add to the balance at his bankers. Indeed, the case is worse than this, for the impresario tells us that, being a lover of musical art, he is content to work without profit—he does

no more than shrink from sustained loss. Consequently, he will appeal to music-lovers to give him definite support, to take so many boxes and stalls for the summer season, and should they fail to respond, there will be no summer season at the London Opera House. Mr. Hammerstein will not continue to face the comparative neglect of the wealthy and the rude indifference with which Jupiter Pluvius regards all forms of art. If the god had a musical ear, he would doubtless leave the Kingsway dry when Mr. Hammerstein gives us opera, and as the nights are duly advertised, there is no excuse for the fashion in which Jupiter Pluvius has

utterance suggests that the support he has received hitherto, though satisfactory in many regards, is not sufficient for his purpose. Had he secured the services of Caruso, he might have fallen back upon the "star" system *faute de mieux* and challenged Covent Garden in the summer. But Caruso will then be seeking a holiday rather than an engagement, and consequently the public must decide for itself whether or not it wants a summer season in the fine Kingsway house. Unless a wealthy contingent of American visitors comes forward, the prospects do not, at time of writing, appear particularly hopeful.

Truth to tell, the world at large does not do its duty by grand opera. With the solitary exception of Covent Garden, there is no great opera-house in Europe that exists without the aid of subsidies. France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, and Portugal all receive subsidies in some shape or form for their leading opera-houses, and the small ones rely upon the local interest that makes a short season possible. New York has its heavy subscription-list, which hardly stands the strain put upon it; London alone contrives to run one operatic undertaking at a profit. That it may prove unable to support two is regrettable rather than surprising. The experiment of the double season has been tried of late years by Signor Robert de Sanna, first in conjunction with Mr. Henry Russell, and then with others, by a syndicate for which Mr. Van Dyck acted, by Mr. Thomas Beecham, and now by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, who, in point of business acumen and experience, has probably nothing to learn from any of his predecessors. The outlay on each of these experiments if added up would amount to a capital sum that would endow opera on a small scale in perpetuity, and of those who have ventured on the perilous sea of operatic enterprise only the latest of these gallant adventurers may hope to reach harbour with a good proportion of their original cargo. Mr. Hammerstein has made it clear that, for all that he is content to labour unrewarded, he will not continue to labour to produce losses, and this is as it should be, for if we are to have Grand Opera it must be self-supporting, and if Londoners are not sufficiently enthusiastic to respond to the chances that impresarios have put before them they must be content to do without Grand Opera for more than three months on end, and must pay the prices demanded for an exotic growth.

London does its business, even if that business be the pursuit of pleasure, in its own way. Its invincible conservatism baffles the optimists from across "the big drink." Of late years many men have come over to teach England in general, and London in particular, how it should make progress. One remembers railway enterprises, shipping enterprises, tobacco enterprises, and the rest, and one looks in vain for the British industry that

has changed its ways at the bidding of the newcomers, who have generally given up this benighted little island in the North Sea as a hard case and a bad job. But we are sorry that Mr. Hammerstein seems disposed to join the ranks of the great initiated, for he was out for art and not for profit.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAIR CAUSE OF DISPUTE IN THE BALLET STRIKE.
MLLE. RICOTTI, THE CHARMING DANCER.

When the corps de ballet of the Paris Opera House struck the other day they demanded extra pay for some of their numbers and the cancellation of the promotion of Mlles. Rouvier and Ricotti, who, they alleged, had been unduly favoured. M. Messager refused to consider the latter point. Later, the strike was settled by the dismissal of the whole corps de ballet, with the exception of the two stars, Mlles. Zambelli and Aïda Boni, and Mlles. Rouvier and Ricotti. At the same time the directors reserved the right to make such re-engagements as they pleased—which means, probably, that most of the dancers, if not all, will return to the official fold.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

behaved since November. The truth would seem to be that this survivor of the Olympians eyes American enterprise askance; it is all too up to date for him, and his resentment causes him to weep those passionate and wind-borne tears that leave the general musical public quite content with their firesides, and with gramophones, electrophones, pianolas, and other modern substitutes for the real thing.

Frankly, this is matter for regret. Mr. Hammerstein has given London an opera-house of which even the greatest city in the world may well feel proud; many points in his various productions have been deserving of unstinted praise; he sought to kill the pernicious star system, and to rely upon a good *ensemble*. He has included several modern works in his repertory, and was prepared to encourage English musicians if, and when, the British public rallied to his standard. Single-handed he has accomplished a measure of work that would have kept three good men busy; he has added to the gaiety, as well as to the beauty, of London. If the enterprise has not brought the result he looked for, he may console himself with the thought that where his venture has failed no venture has succeeded. Winter opera in London has always been associated with the prevailing frost, and the measure of success that has attended some of Mr. Hammerstein's productions is at least sufficient to show that a section of London's music-lovers is keenly interested and will do its best for him. Unfortunately, this measure of support is not sufficient to balance the heavy outgoings demanded by Grand Opera. A good chorus, a capable orchestra, and a large company of competent artists make heavy weekly calls upon the treasury. The response must be rapid and must be upon a scale that comes near to balance expenditure. Mr. Hammerstein's latest public



THE TIMPLIPITO: MR. SCHROEDER PLAYING THE CURIOUS
CAUCASIAN INSTRUMENT.

The "timplipito" made its appearance at the Queen's Hall recently on the occasion of a concert, devoted to Russian music, given by M. Salonnoff and the London Symphony Orchestra. Its name describes its sound. It is a little double drum—skins stretched upon two earthen jars.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

NATURE THE CARICATURIST: THE HAIRIEST HARE-HUNTER.



"THE HEARTH-RUG DOG": THE REMARKABLE GREYHOUND OF AFGHANISTAN.

The greyhound, one of the oldest varieties of the dog known, and often seen on Egyptian monuments, takes remarkable form in Afghanistan, as our photograph bears witness — it is, indeed, with its "hearth-rug" coat, the hairiest of hare-hunters! It need scarcely be said that the species is the result of much cross-breeding.

NATURE THE CARICATURIST: SPECTRES OF THE NIGHT.



1. A STUDY IN UGLY IDLENESS: A LEMUR RESTING.

2. THE GOGGLE-EYED GHOST: THE TARSIER, OTHERWISE TARSIVS SPECTRUM.

The lemur gets its name from the Latin word for "spectre," and is so called from the stealthiness of its step and its nocturnal habits. It is a native of Madagascar and the East Indian Islands. The tarsier, or tarsius spectrum, belongs to the lemur family, lives in the Eastern Archipelago, and is nocturnal in its habits. It is about the size of a squirrel, has large ears, a long, tufted tail, and extremely large eyes. For food it prefers lizards.



THE KING OF MONEY.*

The Silent King of Cash.

A very few years ago even the journalist in this country, a knowledgeable person in such matters, was apt to find himself hesitating between "Pierpont" and "Pierpoint" when called upon to write Mr. Pierpont Morgan's name. There was excuse for him. The King of Money has always worked unostentatiously. The glamour that is his belongs to him not by his own desire, but by the choice of editors, well aware that the multi-millionaire is always good "copy." He is essentially a silent man. Endless stories bear witness to this. "It is said there are scarcely fifty men in the financial district who have a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Morgan. Whether the number is correct or not, it is certain that his acquaintance is relatively small, and that his real friendships are reserved for a very few people. . . . His dislike of having a meaningless fuss made over him by strangers is shown by his never appearing at public meetings, and by his perennial irritation at the never-say-die reporters and camera men, who unfailingly close in upon him when he is sailing or returning from across the water." There is a yarn, too, in which his son is concerned. "One summer, 'Jack' Morgan invited a Harvard class-mate to spend the night at Highland Falls. 'My father's coming up in the evening on the *Corsair*,' he wrote, 'just get aboard and come along with him.' The guest followed directions, and found that gentleman seated on the deck in an arm-chair, reading a newspaper. After saying who he was, the other pulled out a paper from his pocket and began to read, too. The *Corsair* moved up the Hudson, and both continued to study their newspapers in silence until the thirty-mile journey was over. 'Jack' Morgan met them at the landing-place, and his father, happening to be alone with him for a moment, remarked, with enthusiasm, 'That is one of the nicest young fellows I've met.'"

Amusement, and Treasure.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's business, his love of art, yachting, and his particularly dark and fragrant cigars provide him with practically the whole of his amusement. As a young man he rode, and later took to yachting, but of bodily exercise he has never been fond.

"At one time he forced himself to work with dumb-bells and apparatus. . . . His physicians, however, advised him to drop all that sort of gymnastics, on the ground that it was contrary to the habits of a lifetime; and since then Mr. Morgan has worked with his brain alone, eaten and smoked as he pleased—and his strong Yankee constitution has carried him through." His concentration on his financial operations is such, indeed, that he has little thought for anything else, always excepting his collections, which are as remarkable as their owner and are every whit as much on the grand scale. Asked one day why he did not bring all his art treasures to America, he replied, "I can't afford to." "I didn't realise you were as poor as that," was the answer; to which Mr. Pierpont Morgan rejoined: "How much do you suppose the duties on my collections would amount to if I should bring them to New York? To at least six millions!"

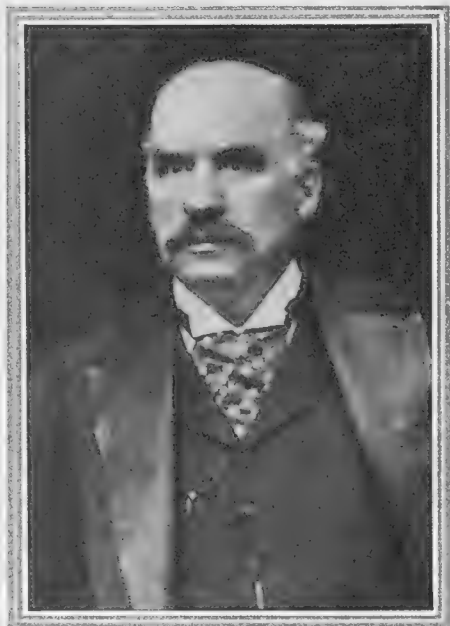
The Morgan Command.

That he is the veritable King of Money most are aware; yet comparatively few realise the gigantic power he wields, the manner in which the ablest financiers look to him. Here is an instance: "When Morgan is forming one of his giant combinations he puts his business friends down for the amounts which he thinks they should have—of the responsibility and the profits. He doesn't ask them first. It has happened . . . that Mr. Morgan's associates had losses to make good, instead of profits to fold comfortably away. No matter. They go on leaving it all to him. . . . When the paper is sent round for some charity, perhaps a church benefaction, Mr. Morgan, from force of habit, writes down the names of his friends, with the amounts opposite, which they are destined to contribute!" That is his forceful method, and many are only too glad to have it exercised upon them, even as was the late Bishop Potter on a memorable occasion. "Bishop Potter was spending a Sunday afternoon with Mr. Morgan at the latter's country place at Highland Falls. . . and he remarked that he would have to take a local train, which left a little while before supper. 'Oh, no,' said the financier, 'there's a train after that one. Of course, you'll stay to supper.' 'I don't see any train,' objected the Bishop, 'and I really must get to town in time to conduct an evening service.' 'There's an express,' replied his host, disposing of the matter—'I'll have it stopped for you.' So, in the dark, Mr. Morgan and the Bishop arrived at a closed and lightless railway-station. 'Break in the door,' said the financier. It was done, with a stone. A lantern was found and lit, and this Mr. Morgan, standing in the middle of the track, waved before the approaching 'flyer' The train stopped. . . . From the caboose . . .

the conductor came running up, very angry. 'What do you mean by stopping this train?' he demanded fiercely. Mr. Morgan, still holding the lantern, told him who he was. 'I don't care a whoop-in-blazes who you are . . . you've got no business. Why,' he choked, 'there's an express train followin' us—you'll have a collision!' But Mr. Morgan paid no more attention to him or his remarks. All right, Bishop, he was saying gently, 'you get right in the caboose and ride to New York'—which the Bishop did."

Not Self-Made.

In the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Pierpont Morgan is not a self-made man—that is to say, he has not risen to power from humble place. His father left him ten millions, "but although the name and business connections of Junius Morgan furnished him with a substantial pedestal, Pierpont Morgan has made it a mountain, and withdrawn to the very top with his allurements of the Midas touch. . . . With him, indeed, there was never anything resembling the famous Rockefeller account-book: Nine dollars and eighty cents this month received, five-sixty expended 'for necessities'; balance, four-twenty towards the distant Palace of Ambition—written out in a cramped, clear, boyish hand. From the first, he stood at a certain height above the crowd"—more particularly because his finance ever was, as it still is, legitimate, without the gambling element. To understand him, read Mr. Carl Hovey's eloquent book: it will well repay.



THE SILENT KING OF MONEY: MR. JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan was born in April 1837.

Reproduced from Mr. Carl Hovey's "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S FATHER: THE LATE JUNIUS SPENCER MORGAN.

Reproduced from Mr. Carl Hovey's "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.



AT THE AGE OF FORTY: MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Reproduced from Mr. Carl Hovey's "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

* "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan." By Carl Hovey. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

BADLY COACHED !



KATHLEEN (*intent upon a picture showing the Expulsion from Eden*): But, mother, where's the carriage?

MOTHER: Carriage? What do you mean, dear?

KATHLEEN: Why, you told me Adam and Eve were *driven* from the Garden.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

SHIRIN THE INSULTED.

By E. CHRISTIAN.

SHIRIN was quite one of the best and smartest recruits that had come for some time from the debatable land; he was tall and well-knit, with wide-open grey eyes, and the most entrancing curly love-lock in front of each of his ears. The Commanding Officer, having eyed him and sought information about his family, passed him over to the doctor, who in his turn declared Shirin to be physically fit for his Majesty's service. So Shirin was drafted into the Pathan squadron, and made over to the care of an old soldier, who showed him how to groom a horse, and how to keep his shoulder-chains clean, his lance-head free from rust, and his sword-blade as bright as a new pin. In the proper cleaning of a rifle Shirin was already well versed.

It was only for about three days that Shirin was the junior soldier in his troop, for at the end of that time another recruit was enlisted, a man of Shirin's clan—a burly young gentleman known to an admiring circle of friends as Sher Dast, who at the ripe age of sixteen had smartly brought to the ground, with a well-directed bullet, a vendetta enemy who had killed his uncle. Sher Dast was therefore something of a swashbuckler; he joined the regiment with a reputation in which no one believed more thoroughly than he himself.

Sher Dast and Shirin now lived a somewhat arduous life: they bumped round the riding-school for an interminable hour every morning, and from the riding-school went to stables and groomed their horses; from stables to a hurried meal, and, still munching chupatti, to a dismounted parade, at which a Sikh drill-instructor taught them the use of sword and lance. By midday they felt that they had done a good day's work, but it was not yet finished, for at 5 p.m. they were again turned out to cut the air with their swords and to thrust their lances into the vitals of imaginary foemen. Moreover, fatigue duties came their way at times, and no one on earth wishes on a hot day, when parade is finished, to be marched off to pitch tents or to load carts.

Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Shirin and Sher Dast were sometimes out of temper, and that is how the trouble began. Sher Dast had a waistcoat which was dear to him, for it was of scarlet velvet and embroidered with gold, and altogether a garment suitable to a man of reputation. He only wore it on special occasions, when he went to ruffle it in the city, or at the Thursday afternoon tent-pegging, when the whole regiment put on its most gorgeous attire to have a run at the pegs. For the first six months of his service Sher Dast had not been allowed to take part in the public tent-pegging, for no recruit may do so until he is sufficiently master of himself, his horse, and his ten-foot spear. But he had at last been passed fit, and already he saw himself clad in his scarlet waistcoat, thundering down upon the little white peg, whirling his lance and calling upon his Prophet in stentorian tones, "Ali, madad! Help me, Ali!"

That was what the old soldiers cried, and Sher Dast thought that his voice would sound just as fine as theirs, and that Ali would be just as likely to help him to transfix and remove—with a triumphant roar—that elusive little whitewashed peg. In fact, Sher Dast was all agog to cut a dash and to draw upon himself the approving eye of the spectators.

But, alas! when he went to put on the famous waistcoat, that garment had vanished.

Sher Dast's feelings were those of a young girl who is given a really gorgeous hat and is then forbidden to wear it; but whereas the latter would, perhaps, have shed silent tears, the former blazed into noisy wrath. It was a hot afternoon in May, and he had been working hard all day, so he was cross. And when the men of the troop came out to see what all the noise was about, and first listened to his angry tale, and then laughed at his angry face and silly peacock-fury, Sher Dast's temper got the better of him. Shirin's laughter was the final straw.

"Pig, it was you that took it!" cried Sher Dast.

To be accused of theft is a small matter, to be called a pig is a very serious affair, in India. In England it means that you are a pig, or very like one, in your manners and habits; it is not a polite term, but it is scarcely unpardonable. In India it is different; to call a man a pig is to reflect not only on himself, but upon his

parentage; it is to insult him and his parents and his family, and it is to insult him unforgivably.

Shirin's wrath blazed up as quickly as that of Sher Dast. He was guiltless of the scarlet waistcoat; in fact, he preferred his own waistcoat of a delicate shade of green. But he passed the accusation by—"pig" stuck in his throat. He dashed at Sher Dast, and in a moment the two of them were locked in a savage fight. The men gathered round them, staring at them with eager eyes, enjoying the sight, all too rare for their taste, in a well-conducted corps, of two men who were out for blood. Roars of encouragement burst out, advice in Pushtu to the one or the other, a babel of words that rose rapidly into a din. It would have been an admirable fight had not the troop-commander heard the noise and come out of his house to ascertain the cause. Shirin and Sher Dast were led away to the guard-room, panting and sweating and breathing murder upon each other. They were only calmed by being placed in separate cells, where the admiring guard ministered to them with bowls of water while deploring the fact that duty prevented them from again setting the combatants upon each other. So neither Sher Dast nor Shirin had a run at the peg that day.

On the next morning the prisoners were haled before the Commanding Officer in Durbar. Durbar is a public function, in which all regimental business is settled, and at which the whole of the regiment may, if it likes, be present. To-day it was present, for the noise of the affair had gone abroad, and the men turned up in strength to hear how the Colonel would settle the matter. He settled it in a way that appeared to himself to be wise. He said, "Let these two men have it out with single-sticks on the next tent-pegging day; they shall fight in front of the regiment; and doubtless the man who is right will win. Let them now be released, but see to it, the two of you, that there be no fighting in the meantime. Enough!"

Shirin boiled silently with rage, for, having had time to reflect, he had begun to resent the accusation of theft, as well as the charge of pig-hood. This was no sort of justice that he had received; he had been given no chance of justifying himself. Was he expected to stand still in the lines while he was called a thief and a pig? For a whole week he brooded upon it as he bumped round the riding-school, while he went through the lance-exercise, or performed Cut No. 2—parry-and-thrust. He was like a young man who is in love and can think of nothing but the lady, with the difference that he thought only of the word "pig," and of the man who had said it to him. He determined to leave his mark on Sher Dast when Thursday came. Meantime he smouldered.

At last Thursday came. The Colonel and his officers, British and Indian, were seated on chairs; behind them, all round them, forming a rough ring, were the men of the regiment—Pathans, Dogras, and Sikhs—eager-eyed, appraising the two combatants, some backing the one and some the other. Stripped to the waist and turbanless, their shaven polls shining in the sun, Shirin and Sher Dast stood eyeing each other, awaiting the signal to fall on. Each grasped a single-stick of small bamboo; Shirin's long brown fingers clutched the hilt convulsively, while Sher Dast fell unconsciously into the easy, swaggering pose of the true swashbuckler. Shirin eyed Sher Dast with calm and bitter hatred; Sher Dast smiled at Shirin provokingly, and his lips formed the word "pig."

"Attack!" Upon the word the two fell upon each other with fury. Little science was displayed, but there was abundant evidence of a desire to hurt. The sticks cracked together, and here and there a dark weal appeared upon one or other of the two brown bodies. The Colonel cackled to himself as Shirin got home on Sher Dast's cheek, leaving upon it a long, dark-red line; he giggled again when Sher Dast retaliated with a smashing cut upon Shirin's left shoulder.

Surely, by all the laws of right, Shirin should now have triumphed; with a skilful cut he should have cracked the costard of Sher Dast, and laid that injurer of virtue gasping on the ground. But, alas! this did not occur. Virtue for the nonce was to be worsted. Sher Dast's single-stick had somewhere near the point a loose splinter; he dealt a mighty blow at Shirin's skull. Shirin jerked back his head, but he did so too late. The point of his

[Continued overleaf.]

CROCKING CRICKET: THE TEST MATCH OF THE FUTURE.



HOT WORK: BEFORE THE TEA INTERVAL.



AFTER MANY A RESINED KICKER: THE TEAM.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

opponent's single-stick touched his forehead, the little loose splinter caught in the skin and tore away a strip, half-blinding Shirin with his own blood. In the Pathan code there is nothing laid down about sparing an enemy who is at a disadvantage. It is considered, on the contrary, that then is the time to hit him hardest. Sher Dast did so. His single-stick rose and fell like a flail; he was heedless of the order to halt, and it was not till he was seized and dragged away that Shirin, swamped with his own blood, welted and bruised and smarting, could rise from the ground to which he had been felled by one of Sher Dast's sledge-hammer cuts.

II.

In three days the affair was forgotten—forgotten by all save Shirin and Sher Dast. Sher Dast only remembered it in order to ask Shirin whether he liked "eating blows," and whether he was intending to restore that red waistcoat. But Shirin could not forget. He had failed to get justice. He had failed to force his enemy to eat his insult, he had been publicly hammered before the whole regiment. His anger was so intense and so bitter, his hatred of Sher Dast so consuming, that his work suffered, and he who had led his squad of recruits became the worst man in the ride. His education, so far from progressing, went backwards, and when the squad became the "First Ride" Shirin, alone of all the sixteen lads of whom it was composed, was kept back and relegated to the ride below. This is humiliating even to the humble-minded, and Shirin was far from being that—his pride had already suffered, and this further fall made him none the less morose.

But it is of no use to "down" your enemy when you yourself will be "downed" directly after doing so. Shirin valued his own brown skin, and though he might have stuck a knife into Sher Dast, or cut him over with his sword, or even have shot him on the range, he was not so mad with anger but that he could see that he himself would suffer most in the end. If he killed his enemy there was the gallows sure enough, with a sweeper (of all filthy brutes) to adjust the knot under his ear. If he failed to kill him, there was certainly hard labour, possibly transportation to the Andamans, and neither of those forms of penalty suited him at all. What he wanted was to kill Sher Dast without himself suffering for it. So he waited, and took counsel with himself and the devil. And every day he hated Sher Dast rather more than he had hated him the day before.

When the rains broke the First Ride of Recruits was permitted to go on long leave; the other rides were retained that they might make a little more progress in the science of soldiering. So Sher Dast put on his new best waistcoat—a yellow one this time—and having tied upon his head a turban of many brilliant colours, he stepped out to the railway-station. Going down the horse-lines, he passed Shirin, who was grooming his rather bony charger.

"Where is that red waistcoat, pig's son?" cried Sher Dast.

Shirin pretended not to hear, but he had heard.

"I will beat you again when I come back," called the swash-buckler over his shoulder as he turned the corner and went out of sight. Shirin still said nothing.

The long hot-weather days dragged themselves on, but the heat of the weather was as nothing in comparison with the heat of Shirin's mind. He was no longer in a flaming, blazing rage; his anger was of a steady, red-hot nature that was none the more temperate for showing no outward signs of its condition. But Shirin now had a plan formulated in his head, and, like all Orientals, he could be patient when there was a definite end in view; a long period of waiting may cool the resentment of a white man, and may even induce him to see things in their right proportions, but this is by no means necessarily the case with the brown man, whose desire to get even with his enemy rises from hot to torrid, and from red to white heat. So with Shirin.

About a month after Sher Dast's departure Shirin appeared again in Durbar and asked for ten days' leave, on the ground that his father had died and that his presence at home was urgently required. The Colonel smiled at him with the air of one who has a liver, inquired if his head and body were still sore from the thrashing he had had, and then, pleased with the delicate nature of his own badinage, granted the applicant his request.

Shirin reached rail-head early the next morning. He ate food in the hot, evil-smelling bazaar, where the flies buzzed in countless swarms, and then, wiping his mouth delicately with the tail of his turban, he set out upon the thirty-mile walk that lay between him and his father's house. Now the village of Shirin was but a mile distant from the village of Sher Dast, and Shirin's plan was now about to be put in action. He dwelt upon its details, its apparently faultless details, as he marched with long, springy steps over the barren brown ground and through the blazing heat of the morning sun. Sher Dast would not know that he was coming, for it had been announced that the Second Ride of Recruits would be sent on "third leave," and the time of third leave had not yet arrived. Sher Dast would hardly see him on the road, for all who can do so like to lie up during the hottest hours of a summer day; all, then, that Shirin had to do was to make for his father's house, tell his tale to his father (who was by no means dead), borrow the paternal rifle with a

few rounds of ammunition, and then lie up outside Sher Dast's village till that gentleman should emerge to take the air in the cool of the evening. The rest would be simple, and he pictured to himself with great pleasure the sight of Sher Dast lying in a collapsed heap upon the dirty, dusty ground.

Like all great plans, it was beautifully simple, but, as in all save the very greatest plans, one little unlikely possibility had been overlooked. Shirin strode along, feeling light-hearted for the first time for many weeks; his white shirt was soaked with sweat, great drops of which rolled down his face and saturated his two love-locks. He was terribly thirsty, but nothing mattered to him now, and his slippered feet took him quickly over bare hills, down into narrow valleys, and up again on the other side. So good was his pace that it was only about three o'clock when the roofs of his village greeted his smarting eyes.

It was now that the unexpected happened. By all the laws of probability, Sher Dast should have been lying on his bed, taking his ease, in his own house at his own village, a mile away. He was not doing so; he was, in fact, spending the day with a friend in Shirin's village, and as Shirin came near his house, his eyes met those of his enemy. Still, all might have been well had Shirin controlled himself; but his feelings were too much for him, and he bolted for his father's house that he might get the rifle and "down" his enemy. Sher Dast, on the other hand, was not more foolish than others, and though he himself was armed, he had no wish to try a pot-shot at Shirin within a few yards of the latter's family residence. That would be pulling a nest of hornets about his ears. Of what was in Shirin's mind he had never a doubt, and though he would not hesitate to face Shirin alone, he had no wish to meet Shirin's father and Shirin's brothers or to fight the whole family single-handed.

So when Shirin reappeared jamming a round into the breach of his rifle, Sher Dast had already disappeared and was making for home at a pace which rendered foolish any attempt at pursuit on the part of a man who had just done a thirty-mile walk.

Leave for ten days is but a little thing at any time, but it is very small when three days of the ten have to be spent in travelling to and from the regiment. Shirin had but seven days in which properly to wipe out the insults and injuries put upon him by Sher Dast, and a more tiresome or futile week has never been spent by anyone. He lay out by day and he lay out by night; he crouched motionless behind a rock for hours at a time, and flattened himself in shallow hollows and behind tufts of coarse grass. He watched vigilantly the wells near Sher Dast's village, and the fields which belonged to Sher Dast's father. On one occasion he stalked a man for a couple of hours, only to find that it was not the man he wanted. He spent very arduous days, and he only once set eyes upon his enemy—and then Sher Dast was in company with two or three of his relatives. Shirin's nights were sleepless and as fruitless as the days, for Sher Dast knew very well what was in the wind, and was careful not to expose himself. He knew, too, that Shirin had but ten days' leave, for a common friend had told him so, and he counted the days as closely as did Shirin himself, though for a different reason.

It must be confessed that Sher Dast was afraid, and that he even repented of having used the word "pig." He wanted to spend his leave peacefully, and here he was, watched and followed, unable to leave his house unless escorted by friends, and even then not quite sure but that he might at any moment become the billet of Shirin's bullet. It was only for the present that he cared; the future could take care of itself. When he returned to the regiment Shirin would be proceeding on long leave, and he knew that Shirin would never dare touch him in cantonments; as for next year, why, that was a year away, and could at present be disregarded. If Sher Dast found that the days passed slowly, Shirin thought that they flew. The hours of waiting, crouched in an uncomfortable attitude and holding a loaded rifle at full-cock, were slow enough, but the days flew on wings of the wind. And it seemed that he had hardly arrived when he had again to take the road for the railway. On that journey the thirty miles were very long and very hot, but he caught the train—as was duly reported by Sher Dast's younger brother, who had been set to watch his movements. Sher Dast rejoiced when he heard of it.

As the train left the station Shirin's other plan suddenly unfolded itself to him. At the first station he alighted. This time he had nearly forty miles to go over a rougher path; he moved carefully, for he was taking no chances, and it was about three a.m. when he knocked cautiously at his father's door.

The dark sky gradually paled; the light in the east turned to palest primrose, and the outline of the hills showed black and jagged against the lightening heaven. Primrose turned to saffron, and saffron blushed through pink to deepest rose.

Sher Dast rose at the dawn and came to the door of his house; he stretched his arms and yawned noisily. As he did so, a bullet hit him fair in the chest, the yawn became a choking cry, and he collapsed, his fingers clutching at the gritty earth.

Shirin laughed as he rose from behind a little bush and made off over the hills in the direction of the Afghan border. So the regiment knew him no more, neither him nor Sher Dast, and the Emperor lost two very promising young soldiers. And all because of a cheap red waistcoat.

THE END.

STUDDY'S DOG STUDIES.



THE LADY ON THE CHAIR: Help! Help! Tiny's caught such an awful mouse.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

Outside the Four-Mile Radius: Suburbia.



I.—AN INTERESTING EVENT.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATMAN.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Golf in the South. Golfing journeys are always pleasanter than most others, because there is an assured enjoyment, and a great one, at the end of them, and during the hours in the railway-train it is possible to anticipate a little in imagination the pleasures that are to come. Look upon the faces of the travellers in your compartment, who have their eyes closed and are trying to slumber a little, and note the fact that either all appear a little

weary, or else one or two men have a nice kind of smile on their faces. Look on the parcel-rack above these evidently more contented fellows, and you will see bags of golf-clubs. They are thinking, half dreaming, of the holes they will be playing to-morrow, or are in fancy

there no golf at Naples or near Venice?—these are absolutely the only two show places of any consequence in Europe that are without it.) But to continue: we proceed across Paris to the Lyon Station, absorb a little nourishment at the excellent buffet there, and then we enter upon that one particular journey that I have referred to. It is a little after seven in the evening when we trudge along a platform, lying up to which is a big train with a long-distance look about it, and steam fizzing out from many places underneath the carriages. However, no matter. I climb up several steps into the very high compartment, dragging up the clubs behind me, and the garçon who has the other things finds out the number of the reserved seat, and there we are.

Through Night to Summer.

A little while later, when we have slipped outside Paris and the P.L.M. engines are settling down to their business, all the happiness and the smiles begin. I read the *Continental Daily Mail*, and take an interest in the medal competitions that have just been played at Hyères, Cannes, Valescure, Nice, and the other places, and am pleased to notice that the new course at Monte Carlo is coming on nicely. I say to myself that it will be much better and healthier for people to play golf up there on La Turbie than to waste one's time—one mentions only "time"—in those stuffy rooms where they spin the ball and shuffle the cards. However, for the moment all is most well, and we are killing the kilometres that separate us from the Côte d'Azur in excellent style. There is another

man in this carriage with a smile on his face, and, sure enough, looking about him, I espy the bag of clubs. He seems anxious to speak to me, and as we are not asleep by the time the train gets to Dijon, where it stays a little while, he takes that opportunity to ask me what ball I am using, that being the way in which golfers break the ice, corresponding to the remark that ordinary people make to the effect that we are having very nice (or very bad) weather. For a little while after Dijon we converse eagerly and to most interesting effect upon some of the short holes at home, and so forth; and then we go off to sleep, and are but dimly conscious of the little stoppages at Lyon and Avignon. But when we wake! Oh, the joy of



GOLF AT MONTE CARLO: GENERAL SIR LAURENCE OLIPHANT DRIVING.

General Oliphant was appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command, in 1907. He has seen active service in the Soudan and in South Africa. Lady Oliphant was the Hon. Monica Mary Gerard, daughter of the first Baron Gerard.

playing again the holes they played yesterday, and making a much better job of them than they did before. Now there is one particular golf journey I make every year which is indeed the longest that I ever make in the train, but it is one that I fear the least, but really undertake with enormous pleasure and the very lightest of hearts. First of all, I take a taxi in the early morning to Charing Cross, and from there I get down to Folkestone. I cross the Channel in the old-fashioned way, neither swimming through it nor flying over it, but being nicely comfortable in a steady steamship propelled by the turbine arrangement; and from Boulogne I move alone at a very pretty pace downwards through France, along the Chemin de Fer du Nord. So far, so good.

Take Care of the Clubs.

Clubs and I arrive in Paris without mishap, and feel that we have made a good beginning to a very pleasant task. All the garçons wish to carry the clubs, of course, but my advice to any man who is going golfing out of this country is never to let his clubs out of his personal possession, for I have seen one or two cases of golfers arriving at some charming golfing-place in the South of Europe more than a thousand miles away from home, and their clubs not with them; and a pretty pickle they were in then. The clubs cannot be replaced; even if they could it spoils a holiday to play with new clubs: you always want the old ones at such times. It may seem a silly thing, but really you have the sense of being on holiday together. In one of the cases where a man's clubs went wrong he waited two or three days, and then gave up the golfing part of his holiday, moving on from Cannes to some place like Naples, where there is as yet no golf at all. (By the way, why is



THE SECRETARY OF MONTE CARLO'S OWN GOLF COURSE: MR. LETHBRIDGE.

Photographs by Navello.

life! The blue sea, sunshine of summer, flowers and singing birds, and, as it seems, happiness everywhere! And now again for golf in flannels and thin white shoes, the luxury of the life of the man who loves the links! No wonder we like that night in the train.



GOLF AT MONTE CARLO: THE DUKE OF LEEDS DRIVING.

The Duke of Leeds, the tenth holder of the title, is fifty this year. For a time he was Treasurer of Queen Victoria's Household. The Duchess was known before her marriage, in 1824, as Lady Katherine Frances Lambton, daughter of the second Earl of Durham.



MARRIAGE À LA DERNIÈRE MODE.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."



LEAVING CIRO'S: LORD AND LADY MORLEY OF BLACKBURN AT MONTE CARLO.

Lord Morley of Blackburn is still best known as John Morley, although he has held his Viscounty since 1908. His career as writer and as statesman is so familiar that there is no need for us to dilate upon it here; but we may add that he is one of the few O.M.s.

Photograph by Navello.

merely the sport of the physically and mentally lazy—those for whom it is too great an effort to walk down the street or open a newspaper, and who prefer to keep their puzzles in a box. As for me, when I am out, I have often to look inward for fear of being devoured by curiosity. Every street teems with puzzles, every shop-window is chockful of them. Why, for instance, are the articles exposed at the dry-cleaner's things unworthy to be cleaned?—dresses that only a mad great-aunt could have worn, feather boas that some poor and conservative female must have deemed immortal? Is it meant as a warning to customers—"Don't send anything new; we only dare experiment on the hopeless things that don't matter"? Or is it that only dowds and frumps are careful of their wardrobes in London? That's only an example. Every shop offers you just as hard a poser. There is the dentist's, whose sets of artificial teeth, with their peerless regularity, proclaim that they can't possibly be meant for mere humans, but were ordered by some Greek god—a diet of nectar and ambrosia is very bad for the teeth. What loveliness money can buy, to be sure, and how

LAST week I said, obscurely perhaps, that my object in living was the next post, and also that the next post was Adventure. Now will I lay an offering on the tomb of Mrs. Grundy! By adventure I did not mean rendezvous, gallants, elopements, and "all that sort of thing," as you say, so expressively. Adventure means curiosity. Not curiosity as to people's grandfathers' age, and income, but as to people's motives. And the "whys" of a child are as nothing compared with the baffled logic of a grown-up. What do people do who have nothing to do and can't afford bridge? They cultivate their rampant curiosity and solve jig-saw puzzles. In the end they find in all those bits of glorious red that they imagined to be at least Vesuvius in eruption the pathetically simple and natural solution—a soldier kissing a nursemaid. But the solution is nothing: we like to play with the bits of red. Of course, jig-saw puzzles are



ENGAGED TO MR. ALGERNON LAW: THE HON. CATHARINE HOZIER, SISTER OF LORD NEWLANDS. Miss Hozier is the second of Lord Newland's three sisters; the others are the Hon. Lady Baird and Baroness Lamington. Her brother is the second Baron of a creation dating from 1898. Mr. Algernon Law, C.B., is one of the senior clerks at the Foreign Office.

Photo. by Topical.

small Nature must feel by the side of a dentist! How crude and haphazard her symmetry, how yellow her ivory compared with his white of perfection! But shopkeepers are not the only Sphinxes. Once the instinctive wisdom of childhood is passed, man, and chiefly woman, seems to be practising how illogicalness is best attained.

The other day it was a bride who objected to the word "obey" in the marriage service. That a bride should say, "I object to marriage on the ground that it is an immoral impossibility," we wise married people might, if not all of us approve, at least understand. But if I remember right, one must swear to honour and love as well as obey.

If a woman has the immense, the tremendous, the improbable luck of meeting a man she can not only love and honour, but swear to honour and love for ever, why, obedience is altogether too small, too inadequate a thing to offer that man. The bride's ambition should be to emulate a door-mat in abasement and usefulness. Why, after having sworn glibly such portentous words—to honour and love—should one draw the line at such an elastic one as "obey"? It is like, after spreading a kingly banquet before a guest of your choosing, refusing to pass him the butter. To obey is just the only thing in the whole marriage service one can conscientiously swear to—and, then, I like pretty pretences. I like the orange-blossoms and the lowered lids of a bride who has flirted, in the largest sense of the word and the world, through ten seasons! I like the tears of a mother well rid, and the congratulations of the bridesmaids!

To obey—yes, to obey, of course, must not on nominally obey the other? Obedience is not a mutual sacrifice, like other social virtues. I do not know that it is

for the wife to obey; it may be for the husband; but it's not a few months of public courtship can settle the point. A six months' novitiate of common life, preparatory to marriage, should show who has the master mind. As a rule, the man has it, through heredity of power, personal experience, physical courage, and a sort of brutal justice. A man may be a bad master, but a woman is an unjust tyrant. It is, of course, quite natural—she is wily, but not wise, because she has always cajoled and coerced, but never ruled. An illiterate peasant can "do" the most erudite of philosophers. That does not mean that it would be a good thing for the community and the peasant himself that the philosopher should obey the peasant. In time peasants will become philosophers, and there will be a type of woman that we do not conceive yet. Her point of honour will be the same as man's. You will no longer be able to say of her, "She is honest, but not honourable," or "honourable, but not honest." Her muscles will be as hard as his. To wield power, a woman's arm must be as strong as a man's or—of satiny softness. Man won't yield to merely inferior strength. Let woman refuse man's protection, and then she can refuse him obedience. When I consider how unselfish, how sublimely idiotic, it is for a man to marry, how much he loses, and how much he takes on his broad, patient back, it seems to me the acme of meanness to refuse him one little nominal recognition of superiority. To obey! Oh, my sisters, does it not touch your insatiable heart that man naïvely believes us when we say that word?



VISITING CAP MARTIN: THE EARL OF WARWICK AND LORD HENRY GROSVENOR.

Lord Warwick, who is the fifth Earl, was born on Feb. 9, 1853, and succeeded to the title when he was forty. During an active life he has held various appointments, and he has been Mayor of Warwick four times. Lord Henry Grosvenor, born in 1861, is an uncle of the Duke of Westminster. One of his daughters is Lady Dalmeny, wife of Lord Rosebery's heir.—[Photograph by Navello.]



FROM AN EARL'S "QUIVERFUL": FOUR OF LORD AND LADY CARRICK'S SONS AND THEIR HOME-MADE CARRIAGE.

The Earl and Countess of Carrick have five sons and two daughters. In the photograph their eldest son, Viscount Ikerrin, is being drawn along by (from left to right) the Hon. Godfrey Butler, the Hon. Guy Butler, and the Hon. Somerset Butler. Lady Carrick, whose marriage took place in 1898, was Miss Ellen Rosamond Mary Lindsay, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Gore Lindsay.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Three Up and a Record.

It would be more than unreasonable to expect flying incidents in this country just now. The meteorological circumstances attending one of the most unseasonable and unpleasant winters we have known for years must assuredly damp the ardour and the planes of all British aviators. At the same time France goes merrily on, and having chronicled the cutting of the one hour, and the 150-kilometre records by Vedrines last week on a Deperdussin, there is now yet another record to credit to this really wonderful plane. On Monday, the 22nd, that remarkably skilled aviator Prévost, handling also a Deperdussin aeroplane, driven by a 100-h.p. Gnome engine and a Rapid propeller, and, moreover, carrying two passengers, attained a height of 1 mile 641 yards in twenty minutes. That is an ascent in a vertical line at a speed of four miles an hour, and forms as to height a record for a pilot and two passengers. The apparatus used by Prévost was similar to the machines which did so well in the French military trials. The previous best was held by the Austrian Lieutenant Bur, who attained 1032 yards of altitude under similar conditions.

Hard on Man and Machine.

Truly the Swedes are a hardy race. In their inclement climate they would never contemplate the Great Reliability Trial in the month of February. Nevertheless, they have obtained no fewer than thirty entries, among which one is pleased to notice three British cars—to wit, two 20-h.p. Vauxhalls and one 15-h.p. Humber.

Seven nationalities are represented altogether, the remaining nations being France, America, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. As might be imagined, Germany boasts the largest team; while Italy has but one, and that a 30-h.p. F.I.A.T. America puts in eight, and Belgium a like number; but, from the names of the drivers, Mr. P. C. Kidner seems to be the only Englishman involved. Swedes or Germans would appear to be at the helms of all the other cars. Very severe weather is reported in Sweden, and if similar conditions obtain next month, the competitors are likely to have a particularly strenuous and frigid time.

St. Petersburg to Monaco.

Our very good friends across the Channel have all the cakes and ale in motoring matters. Their beneficent Government smiles encouragement upon road-races, trials, hill-climbs, and, indeed, any sort of event that is likely to attract attention to French motoring. No motorphobic councils rise up in prohibition, no gendarme of them all stoops to the indignity of a trap in the whole of France. That tolerant country is seldom long without some motoring event to attract attention and sustain interest, for even as I write she is in the throes of what is termed "Le Rallye Automobile de Monaco." Just what "rallye" may mean in sober English it would be hard to

say, unless it be the same word less the final vowel, and that cars are rallying to Monaco from all over Europe—as, indeed, they are, or, rather, were last week. One heroic soul named Nagel, a journalist, drove all the way from St. Petersburg, a distance of 2022 miles, in 192 hours 23 min., achieving an average speed of 10½ miles per hour throughout. Only those who went through the late Russian Reliability Trials, and can imagine what the roads they then travelled over must be like in the depths of a Russian winter, can approach an estimate of the feat.

Motors Descend on the Mediterranean.

As his Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco has offered a magnificent artistic trophy to the winner of the first prize, it is obvious that there is a competition of sorts, but just how the prizes are awarded it is hard to divine. As I have suggested, motorists drove from many points on the Continent towards the centre of the Côte d'Azur;

indeed, no fewer than twenty-three competitors left Paris on Monday, Jan. 22. Seven quitted Havre, four started from Brussels, four from Amsterdam, and six from Lyons. Nagel speaks of a competitor who pressed hard on his heels all the way from Berlin, but that worthy is not posted as arriving at Monaco. Upon arrival the cars, with all their blushing honourstuck upon them, were ranged in the handsome building which serves Monaco as an exhibition, and were visited by crowds of in-



THE ACTOR-SON OF "TRILBY"—DU MAURIER IN A MOTOR OF CURIOUSLY INTERESTING DESIGN:
MR. GERALD DU MAURIER IN HIS CAR.

Mr. du Maurier is the son of the late George du Maurier, the famous "Punch" artist, and author of "Trilby." He was born in March of 1873. His wife is well known on the stage as Miss Muriel Beaumont. Since his first appearance, at the Garrick, in 1894, he has played many parts, always with distinction. On Feb. 3 he is due at Wyndham's as Geoffrey Lascelles in "The Dust of Egypt," a "farical phantasy" by Mr. Alan Campbell, son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

terested spectators. Evidently the cosmopolitan public present in the Principality can still be moved to enthusiasm by motor competition.

A Winter Necessity.

On all hands, during the course of this peculiarly slithery winter, I hear most excellent accounts from my fellow-motorists of the staunch manner in which the steel-studded, leather-treaded Dunlop non-skid stands up to wear and slip. And, from the close examination of a section of one of these tyres before me at the moment, the reasons for this satisfactory behaviour are obvious. Between each layer of fabric in the carcass of the cover there is a liberal allowance of rubber, which precludes all friction of the fabric-layer one on the other. Then, between the top of the carcass and the under-face of the leather tread carrying the studs, is a thick, tapered segmental layer of rubber, with a crescent insertion of fabric below the tread. A good padding of rubber is left over this insertion, upon which the under ends of the steel studs can bed, being thus entirely prevented from pressing upon or abrading the carcass fabric. The leather tread is of good thickness where it takes the triple rows of studs, and tapers away to just above the flexing-point of the tyre-walls. An absolute necessity for winter use, the Dunlop non-skid



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Weights.

Sir W. Cooke's *Hornet's Beauty* is entered in four of the principal Spring Handicaps, and the distances of the quartet range from ten furlongs (Jubilee Stakes and City and Suburban) to seven furlongs (Victoria Cup), with the Lincolnshire Handicap (one mile) intervening. Mr. Lee, who made the handicaps for the Jubilee Stakes and the Victoria Cup, thinks that over seven furlongs *Hornet's Beauty* is 8 lb. better than Sir Martin, and that the superiority is less by 2 lb. over the additional three furlongs of the Jubilee course. Mr. R. Ord, who is the Lincolnshire Handicap compiler, asks *Hornet's Beauty* to concede 10 lb. to *The Story* over the Carholme mile; while the Committee reckon the difference between the pair at 6 lb. over the City and Suburban ten furlongs, the latter opinion being shared by Mr. Lee (one of the Committee) as regards the Jubilee Stakes. A slight difference is also noticeable with regard to the respective weights of *Hornet's Beauty* and *Spanish Prince* in the Lincoln Handicap and Victoria Cup respectively. In the first-named race, Sir W. Cooke's horse is considered 8 lb. better than Mr. J. B. Joel's horse, and in the Victoria Cup the difference is reduced to 5 lb. The acceptances may furnish some light on the owners' views on the matter. Mr. Topham has solved the Grand National difficulty by lumping a large number of horses together on and near the 10-st. mark. Seeing that Jerry M. is called upon to carry but 12 st. 7 lb., he could not do otherwise. In the circumstances, the handicap is somewhat farcical. Barring accidents, Sir C. Assheton-Smith's horse and Mr. O. H. Jones's *Rathnally* seem to have had their paths smoothed, and when the betting opens they will be found very much in the forefront. So desperate was Mr. Topham's plight that no fewer than 45 out of the 57 entered are handicapped between 10 st. 13 lb. and the minimum, 18 of them being on the limit mark.

Early Birds. The period between now and the beginning of the flat-racing season is, as a rule, the most trying one, from a weather point of view, that we experience. The old-fashioned winter that we used to have about Christmas time seems to have departed, and we seldom get severe weather until February and March. Year after year we find trainers able to send their horses along, keeping them fairly fit, so that they can be tuned up for early engagements, until this period, when stoppages are frequent and sometimes prolonged on account of frost and snow. It is under these circumstances that the early trainer catches the worm in the shape of races won in the first few weeks of the season, when condition counts for so much. A good

many trainers do not trouble about the early weeks of the season; some of the more important stables are not represented until Newmarket comes along, while others make no preparations for anything before Epsom Summer Meeting or Ascot.

Impudence.

One would think that a trainer of racehorses would have quite enough anxiety in seeing to their wants, and in controlling and looking after the many details that must never be forgotten if success is to be achieved. The arduous nature of such a calling does not appeal to some people—those, for instance, who, seeing a trainer well dressed, will nudge their neighbour and whisper something derogatory much after this style—"If he didn't go to the tailor so often, he might know what his horses are doing." This kind of pest is sometimes not merely content with whispering. He sends his insults through the post. The other day I was chatting to a well-known trainer at Newmarket, and the conversation turned on letters received. He then told me how these blackguards frequently write to him, and he had no doubt that other trainers were annoyed in the same way. I saw some of the effusions of these gentry, and, of course, in most cases there was no name and address. Anonymity is the great safeguard of such correspondence. But one letter amazed me so much—both on account of its contents and the fact that the writer signed his name, and also gave his address—that I begged to have a copy for publication. This is the letter: "Dear Sir,—Kindly let me know when you intend to let me win, as each time I read [here a newspaper was named] the Newmarket correspondent says he is perfectly fit. I have lost considerably over your horse each time he has run, so I should be very pleased if you will let me know what day you think he will be successful, and I will see if I cannot regain some of my losses. Yours sincerely, —" For sheer impudence I think this example will be hard to beat.



THE GRAND PRIX AT NICE: MR. JAMES HENNESSY WITH ALEC CARTER, THE JOCKEY WHO RODE HIS HORSE, RAY GRASS, TO VICTORY.

From left to right, the nearer figures in the photograph are those of Batchelor, Alec Carter, Mr. James Hennessy, and Mr. A. V. Chapman. Photograph by Navello.



AT THE BLOODHOUND CHAMPIONSHIP TRIALS IN THE COTSWOLD VALE: THE MARQUESS OF AILESBUURY.

Lord Ailesbury is the sixth Marquess of a creation dating from 1821, while his baronetcy dates from 1611, when it was awarded to Sir Thomas Brudenell, a zealous supporter of the Royalist cause during the Civil Wars, who was for long imprisoned in the Tower, and died Earl of Cardigan. Formerly in the 3rd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Lord Ailesbury served in South Africa as D.A.A.G. with Army Transports, winning the D.S.O., mention in despatches, and the Queen's medal with four clasps.—[Photograph by Montague Dixon.]

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Windsor, to-day: Keep Hurdle, Gilgandra; Long Walk Steeplechase, Strangegate; Rays Hurdle, Mark Gumberts; Paddock Steeplechase, Ballymacad. To-morrow: Slough Hurdle, Uncle Ted; Borough Steeplechase, Prince Hugo; Boveney Steeplechase, Uncle Sam IV.; Athens Hurdle, Selectman. Sandown, Friday: Grand Prize (Hurdle), Chestnut; Mole Steeplechase, General Fox; Burwood Steeplechase, Batteita; February Hurdle, Bob Dancer. Saturday: Metropolitan Hurdle, Scotney; Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, King of the Scarlets; Cardinal Hurdle, Colour Blind; Epsom Steeplechase, Ballymacad.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Where Woman Looks Plain.

There are many things which the modern woman has to do nowadays, and many places where she must show herself, which have the effect of making her look plain. Ski-ing and tobogganing in the High Alps in mid-winter, for instance, though exhilarating enough, are not beautifying, after some three weeks, to any individual over fifteen years of age. The children, to be sure, with their heightened colour, starry eyes, and smooth skins, look like radiant cherubs some 5000 feet above the sea-level. But there is no denying the fact that even the hotel beauty is apt to acquire a beetrooty complexion, together with that harassed air which comes from looking danger constantly in the face. Again, the white, uncompromising light of the high seas is not becoming to the average complexion, so that yachting and globe-trotting cannot be counted among recreations suitable for citizens who have lost the peach-like bloom of youth. The masculine person, with his harder features and more battered skin, stands the action of the winds and waves better than his feminine belongings, who, swathed in rugs and wrapped in shawls, too often look like invalids when aboard ship. Yet another place which is now fatal to the good looks of Woman is at the doors of our London theatres, which have a special brand of green electric light that makes the outgoing audience assume the aspect of wan spectres. I have known some promising attachments ended, and at least one pair of loving hearts sundered, by the uncompromising effect of these theatre-lights on the human visage. Perhaps only under a chestnut-tree on an English lawn does woman really look at her best, though, with the diabolical ingenuity of her sex, she has invented for her drawing-rooms a system of shaded lights which are formidable weapons in the sempiternal war in which she is engaged.

in the two-step, and were there enough Rockefellers and Ogden-Mills of the Blood to provide her with partners? The whole subject is alive with humorous possibilities, and one impatiently awaits more light on this problem.

Manners in the Tube. I see that certain fussy people are complaining in the papers of bad manners in the Tube; but many of us think that our Underground tunnels have, on the contrary, decidedly made for politeness, consideration, and courtesy. The Tube manner, for instance, is half a century ahead of the motor-bus manner. There is no battle-royal on the step, no shoving and elbowing, no forcing people away from effecting

an ingress. On the contrary. Everyone gets in as leisurely as possible; and if there is only a strap available, why, the nearest man, whatever his age or condition of life, promptly offers you his seat. Could the proudest knight, clad in clanking armour, do more? I doubt if the mediæval knight, for all his pretensions to chivalry, would have done as much under modern conditions, when offices and Law Courts have to be reached by men in a hurry, and trains, in the evening, are filled with fatigued toilers and moilers. Yet the man who cheerfully gives up his place to a woman and performs the journey precariously hanging to a strap, has, it seems, a grievance, in that the lady, eight times out of ten, does not thank him, or appears not to do so. Now this, I think, is purely a question of deportment. I never saw a well-bred woman omit to thank a man graciously for having offered her his seat; but the middle and lower-middle class female person, who is largely represented in the Tube, has not the necessary self-possession and dignity to enable her to carry off the little affair with tact and courtesy. She is mortally afraid of addressing an unknown man in a public place; and this, together with the Briton's racial reticence, shyness, and awkwardness with strangers, makes her appear boorish when she ought to be all smiles and gratitude. Some day even feminine manners will mend in the Tube; and possibly—who knows?—the companies will provide us all with the



GRACES THREE: LEAVES FROM A PARISIAN FASHION-BOOK.

The left-hand figure has an afternoon gown made of damask-coloured cloth, with a trimming of raised silk cord, and having ermine let in in a V-shape in the neck and round the arms. The large white hat is lined underneath with velvet, the same shade as the gown. The middle figure wears a brocaded crêpe-de-Chine dress in an ivory shade, with bands of lime-green velvet finishing the tunic and arm-holes, and insertions of ochre-coloured Venetian point. The hat is in black velvet. On the right is shown a gown made with a sheath of ochre-coloured guipure, edged with sable and having a tunic over it of mauve crêpe-de-Chine. With it is worn a large scarf of tail-less ermine, and a toque of the same fur with a choux of clipped aigrettes.

American Royalty-Worship.

To the uninitiated, the pother in New York about the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia is, at the first blush, matter for wonder and surprise. Why, they ask, in a great Republic, whose citizens modestly describe it as "God's own country," should royalty be tracked and spied upon, photographed and paraphrased, in the fashion to which King George's relatives have been subjected, during their recent short stay in New York? For it is not as the Viceroy and Vicereine of a great Dominion that the royal party attracted popular interest, but simply because they were, as the reporters put it, "born in the purple," and are in the inner circle of our royal family. The Princess Patricia, particularly, was the target of all eyes and Kodaks, and was briefly alluded to by newspaper reporters as "the beautiful Pat." If they had only known that the name by which her Royal Highness is known to her friends is "Princess Patsey," how they would have revelled in this charming abbreviation of a stately name. Meantime, one awaits further details of the famous royal ball at Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's. Did a Crown Prince Astor or an Archduke Vanderbilt lead her out

seats for which we have disbursed coin of the realm. Sometimes miracles happen.

The "Shopping Face."

A recent feminine critic of modern manners has declared that she has "walked the length of Oxford Street and tried in vain to find one happy woman's face." This, if true, is a parlous state of affairs; yet the reason, after all, is not far to seek. Oxford Street is a thoroughfare entirely lined with shops, and the woman who frequents it is usually occupied in purchasing all sorts of objects, from boots to books, and from ear-rings to eiderdowns. Now very few people, even the richest, can go shopping without acquiring an anxious and perplexed expression, nor is the atmosphere inside our modern emporiums always of the freshest and most exhilarating. There are many causes which produce the "Shopping Face," and, for my part, I should not choose such a street in which to find happy, careless visages wreathed in smiles.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 13.

THE MARKETS.

THE scarcity of funds was a pronounced feature in the Money Market during the early part of the week, but latterly the stringency has been somewhat relieved by the satisfactory Bank Return and the report that three million Treasury bills are to be paid off at the end of the week. Consols, however, have failed to profit by this, and close slightly lower on the week, at 77 $\frac{3}{4}$ for the account.

The close of the nineteen-day account has been marked by a considerable slackening in the volume of business transacted in nearly all departments, the exceptions being the Home Railway Market and one or two specialties among Miscellaneous Issues. Business in Wall Street has been at a very low ebb, and American Rails have been as dull as the proverbial ditch-water, although prices show a slight improvement on the week. The reduction of the Milwaukee dividend from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half-year was expected, and had been largely discounted.

Among Foreign Rails, Argentines have been neglected, but Mexican issues have had a satisfactory period, and show a fairly general advance of a point or so. Guayaquil Bonds have improved 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ on more reassuring news from Ecuador.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The East Rand meeting failed to induce any buying on the part of the public, and the Kaffir Market has been lifeless, while the few changes that have taken place have been downwards. Interest in the Rhodesian Market has centred round Chartered, which have been fairly active pending the report, which is expected in a day or two, and at 27s. 9d. a gain of 6d. is shown.

As might have been expected, Bus stock has reacted on profit-taking sales, but the price closes above the worst. The meeting of the shareholders was rather a stormy one, although no resolutions could be submitted, owing to the application to the Courts for an injunction to restrain the directors from carrying through the amalgamation scheme. This latter move seems rather a farcical one, and cannot be taken very seriously. At the meeting of the Underground Railways, Sir Edgar Speyer stated that a majority of the stock had already been deposited in favour of the scheme.

Panama Telegraphs have fluctuated between wide limits—a rise of a clear point was established in three days—and the shares close almost at the best. Marconis have again received considerable attention, and Trust Companies have benefited from the excellent reports that have recently been issued.

THE YATYANTOLA TEA COMPANY.

The high prices ruling for tea during 1911 have drawn considerable attention to the shares of the various Companies with gardens in India and Ceylon, and prices are much higher than they were a year ago, but the shares of the above Company seem anything but overvalued at their present price of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, so it may be of interest if we give some particulars.

The issued capital is £135,000, of which £90,000 represents the Ordinary shares, and estates of over 5000 acres are owned in the Kelani Valley, one of the best districts in Ceylon for both tea and rubber. Out of the above total 3599 acres are planted at present partly with tea and partly with rubber. Sixteen tons of first latex have recently been sold for delivery during 1912 at 4s. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (against 1s. 3d. the cost of production) so it will be seen that rubber is beginning to play an important part in the Company's affairs. For some years, however, tea must continue to provide the bulk of the revenue. The prospects for the tea trade in general are excellent, and results in the future should be even better than last year, when the output was adversely affected by the drought.

The dividend on the Ordinary shares for 1910 was raised from 8 to 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. has already been distributed for 1911. The meeting will be held about the end of April, and the final dividend should be not less than 15 per cent., which would make 25 per cent. in all for the year. If this estimate should prove correct, the yield at the present price works out at 10 per cent., with every prospect of an early increase.

TRUST COMPANIES' STOCKS.

Several of the best of the Financial Trust Companies' stocks have been recommended as excellent purchases in this column for many years past, and in every case the advice has been justified by the results, but, perhaps, in no case more fully than in that of the *River Plate and General Investment Trust Company*. Writing of the Company in this paper on Jan. 25 last year, I said: "If any of your readers know of a better investment than this Deferred stock standing at 160 and paying 9 per cent., I, for one, shall be very glad to hear of it." The report for the year 1911 has been published this week, and is again a record of wonderful progress. The dividend for the year is raised to 10 per cent. but over 13 per cent. was actually earned on the Deferred stock. I give below the comparative figures for 1910 and 1911—

	Total Income.	Increase over Previous Year.	Net Revenue.	Placed to Reserve from Income.	Dividend.	Carried Forward.
1910 ..	£52,347	£3463	£38,756	£4000	9 per cent.	£8640
1911 ..	£58,028	£5631	£44,214	£5000	10 per cent.	£11,604

I may mention that this is the eighth successive year in which the dividend on the Deferred stock has been increased. The Company publishes a list of its investments, and also a valuation of the assets made by the auditors on Dec. 31,

1911. As a result of this valuation, after allowing the par value for the Debenture and Preferred stocks, the actual value of the Deferred stock is over £200 ex div. of £6, or over £206 cum div. as compared with the present quotation of £183 cum div. There is only £250,000 of this Deferred stock, so that the £5000 placed to reserve from revenue represents 2 per cent. on the Deferred stock, while the carry-forward is increased by more than a further 1 per cent. In these circumstances there can be little doubt that there will be a further increase in the dividend for the current year, and within two or three years this stock is likely to be put on a 12 per cent. basis, and will be standing well over 200.

The report of the *Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Company* is also issued this week, and is perfectly satisfactory. The dividend on the Deferred stock is maintained at the rate of 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to which it was raised last year, and the carry-forward is increased from £21,024 to £24,268. As I have before stated, this Company's stock is practically a gilt-edged investment.

I see that I ended my note on this subject last year as follows: "I may mention, in conclusion, that I expect to see an increase this year in the rates of dividend on the *Investment Trust Corporation* Deferred stock and the *Industrial and General Trust Company* Ordinary stock. The final dividends in both cases are due in May, and both these stocks should be held for higher prices." I should like to repeat this prediction word for word on the present occasion. The dividends on these two stocks were duly raised last year to 11 per cent. and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. respectively. This time I expect to see the rates increased to 12 per cent. for the year in the case of the *Investment Trust Corporation*, and 9 per cent. in the case of the *Industrial and General Trust*. Q.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"If only a man took all the tips that he gets nowadays," observed The Broker, "what an awful lot of money he might make!"

"Accent very much on the 'might,'" said The Engineer. "I don't think that remark was up to your usual standard of sagacity, my counsellor."

"When a man tells you to buy a thing, always ask him whether he's in it himself, and at what price," The City Editor advised.

"And whether he has any free calls," added The Jobber significantly.

"Pooh!" scoffed The Broker. "Free calls are the clumsy contrivances of the olden days. We have much cleverer devices under the newest methods."

"I think all this kind of talk is nauseous and unsavoury," protested The Banker. "Surely, the—er—"

"Diplomacy?" suggested The Broker.

"Frauds," went on The Banker, "the frauds at which you hint are not perpetrated in every market, or by every newspaper?"

"I believe the Home Railway Debenture Market to be as sea-green incorruptible as Robespierre," The Jobber declared. "But let's have a few of these tips you were talking about before you got on to this unwholesome subject of the papers."

"I heard three this week which are said to be absolutely red-hot," said The Merchant. "You're quite right about the numbers that are flying about in the air."

"If the air's full of red-hot tips, somebody's bound to get burnt," The City Editor stated as his opinion. "They might like this kind of thing at Belfast."

"Cuban Ports at fifty-eight was one. They are hundred-dollar shares."

"I've heard that one myself," nodded The Broker. "Believe it's right, but hot as ginger."

"Another one is El Oro, the Mexican mine."

"That's curious," commented The City Editor. "I had a cable yesterday advising me to buy them."

"How many did you go in for?"

The City Editor smiled provokingly.

"And the third tip was Kent Coal Concessions."

There was general hilarity.

"Good old Kent Coal!" cried The Jobber. "When every other stock in the world has failed you, go and buy Kent Coal Concessions."

"There are moneyed people at the back of the show now," The Engineer reminded him. "And if Kent Coal's ever to be a success—"

"If!"

"Every day brings us nearer to it," said The Engineer. "And I believe—"

"So do we all. We have believed far too much and far too long. There isn't a man Jack of us who hasn't lost money, directly or indirectly, over the Kent Coal business."

"Well, I fancy that the man who buys thirty Kent Coal Concessions will see that hundred pounds of his more than double itself."

"In a couple of hundred years!"

"Maybe I am hyper-optimistic, but I should say in less than a couple of hundred days," so The Engineer stuck to his guns.

"*Nous verrons*. I'd rather sell a bear of Rubber shares."

"In which," The Broker considered, "I rather guess you would be wrong."

"Yes, I think we shall see the Rubber Market higher," The City Editor chimed in.

"How can the Rubber Market possibly go better?" demanded The Solicitor almost plaintively. "My dear fellow, can't you see—"

"There's the American demand for tyres, the growth of the motor-cycle business, and the determination to use plantation, whatever it costs, rather than Para."

The Solicitor flung out his hands with a gesture of high tragedy.

"It's no use my arguing with prejudiced people like you," he laughed. "The Stock Exchange is the most inconsistent body I've ever met. Why, three months ago—"

[Continued on page 130.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Dark Days, Light Nights.

"What does it matter what we wear?" women are saying to each other; but they do care, and the complete absence of sun is deplored by those who want to be seen, as well as by those that want to be cheered. Ladies who feel that they cannot

be sufficiently seen by day expend their energies on looking their best in the evenings. There is a distinct feeling for mediævalism in dress: long lines, close fit, long sleeves tight into the arm and down over the centre of the back of the hand, square-cut décolletage, with wing or flat collars, are quite in vogue. At a smart dinner the other evening a dress of old Venetian-red soft crêpe-de-Chine, richly embroidered with gold, was worn. It was made with absolute plainness, but, of course, with exquisite cut and clever curvings of the long lines, showing to advantage the wearer's tall and slender figure. Round the square décolletage was a scolloped shaped collar of old gold, red paste, and black pearls. The wearer's dark hair was arranged with a



A SINGER OF THE "DEAREST OF ALL" WALTZ SONG: MISS MARJORIE MAXWELL AS THE COUNTESS IN "THE DARING OF DIANE," AT THE TIVOLI.

Photograph by Record Press.

network of similar embroideries. The effect was splendid; a rose agate and gold jewelled belt was worn rather loosely round the waist, having a long end from it falling at one side.

White Furs.

The owners of ermine and white-fox furs feel themselves particularly aggrieved by the London atmospheric conditions of late. Those of them who are sensible have hidden away their treasures, waiting for better times, when they will be needed for comfort and becomingness. March is a month for furs. A man asked me the other day why he saw so many shabby old muffs and boas about now. I told him that, white furs being fashionable, but not practical at present, women who had bought them were keeping them clean and wearing old ones. "Jingo!" said he, "who'd 'a' thought that, now? Turnin' over a new leaf, are they? Jove, they'll soon qualify for the vote!"

A Wedding of Worth.

Lord Howard de Walden will, it is said, be married on Shrove Tuesday to Miss Van Raalte. He is clever, and musical, and a good sportsman, loves history, and enjoys hawking and fencing, is rich, philanthropic, and a really nice man. He shrinks from only two things, I am told, and from the second and more terrible of these he is now freed. They are publicity and match-making mammas. His wedding will probably be quite quiet—that is, if he manages to elude his first *bête noire* as successfully as he has done his second. There is no lady on earth less open to the soft impeachment of match-making than Mrs. Charles Van Raalte. Her daughter may not, in vulgar parlance, be worth as much as her fiancé; she is, however, worth untold gold in herself, and has all the told gold she is likely to require as well. In these practical days we never accuse people of marrying for love; but we can at least absolve her from any thought of marrying for money!

Dark and True and Tender is the North.

We none of us believe that the women of the South are false and fair and fickle. Whatever verse-maker said so must have been suffering from indigestion from the cookery of a fair Southern. The women of the North of Ireland are proving themselves true and tender. They have publicly pronounced that they will stand by their men in whatever they see good to do in defence of the Union. They will, too, and they are a force. They are not brilliant or smart or

frivolous as a race, but steady, quiet, systematic folk, fitted to follow Shakespeare's shrewd advice, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee!" Ulster people may be intolerant, but the things they are intolerant of are injustice, oppression, and misrepresentation. Roman Catholics in Ulster have a very excellent time of it; their religion is no bar to their employment by Protestants, who deal freely with the Roman Catholic tradesmen, and fairly with them all. Protestants in other parts of Ireland have different tales to tell. My mother always had Roman Catholic servants, whom she liked, and had conveyed in to Mass on Sundays, and considered in every way. Once, however, she had a specially good cook who quarrelled with her kitchenmaid, and eventually she said one or other must go. Of course it was the kitchenmaid; Cookie was a treasure. She said, however, "Please, M'm, when you're engaging another girl, will ye get a Protestant? I'd sooner work with the divil than one o' me own sort!" It was also frequently said in the county town that Catholic servants would not go to Catholic mistresses if they could possibly help it.

Jack Spat and Jill Spat.

So far as feet are concerned, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; we all love spats. I heard a youth the other day in a railway-carriage assure a lady that all young men up to twenty-five who cared for their clothes wore spats, and were very particular about their fit. The lady had unwisely suggested that only old men wore them for warmth. She was told, among many other things, that the youth in question dressed a little older than he really was because he looked it!



"THE DARING OF DIANE"—AND HER DRESS: MISS MARJORIE MAXWELL AS THE COUNTESS DIANE DE REGNAULT, AT THE TIVOLI.

Montmartre is the scene of "The Daring of Diane," the "Leap Year Comedy Operetta" which is being given at the Tivoli. A knock is heard on the garret door of the painter Julien, who has received 3000 francs from an aunt on condition that he will not entangle himself with any woman until he can support himself. "It is the lovely and daring Countess Diane de Regnault, who has fallen in love with the poor young painter. She tells him she has run away from her husband and has chosen him for her future love mate. Julien at first resists her advance, but under the spell of her charm and beauty he almost forgets his vow to his pious aunt. Diane, however, has already sent that lady the 3000 francs, saying it is the price of a painting by Julien; the picture is to be called 'Eve and the Serpent,' and the charming young Countess offers to pose as Eve. Julien, being now free, declares his love for Diane, and she confesses that she has no husband. They sing a charming waltz duet, expressive of their mutual passion, and are interrupted by Prosper and Severin, who, rather hilarious, have momentarily returned, but go off again singing the song of the Montmartre sparrows. In search of the girls, Julien and Diane embrace ardently, and join again in the delightful waltz refrain which tells of their mutual love and faith in their future happiness."—[Photo, by Record Press.]

Continued from page 128.]

"Oh, well, that was three months ago," The Broker protested. "The demand for the raw stuff has come on fast since then, and the market is in a very different state. You know yourself that people are much more willing to look at Rubber shares than they were."

"Doesn't prove that prices will go better," maintained The Solicitor. "Rather the other way, in fact, because you have a wider circle of people wanting to get out."

"You can buy yourself Highlands amongst the big shares, Strathmores amongst the lower-priced, and Singapore United in the florin market," said The Broker.

"A man can make himself a nice little Trust in the Rubber Market now," The Jobber observed, "and work the strings so that he gets 8 to 10 per cent. on his money, with a good chance of a rise."

"There's more behind the Rubber Market than the Oil," The City Editor said.

"Another House tip is to buy Kern River Oilfields for a couple of shillings rise. The idea is that the Standard Oil people are sinking for oil at depth on an adjacent property."

"And another yarn says that the Standard Oil is going to take over the Mexican Eagle."

"Is that so?" inquired The Engineer, with surprise.

"I don't know. That's what they say," and The Broker went on to add that the Anglo 'A' dividend was a very good performance.

"After this, I take it that the 1½ per cent. will be a settled thing, under the guarantee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company?"

"I suppose so," replied The Broker, "always provided the American Telephone and Telegraph doesn't have to dissolve as being a combination in restraint of trade."

"Then Anglo 'A' at 27 should be a good speculative lock-up?"

"The 6 per cent. Preferred at 112 is much better, and only about four points higher. Buy Anglo 'B' for investment."

"And Vera Cruz Trams at 12s. 6d. for speculation, to pay for," said The Engineer.

"Never heard of them," chimed three voices as one.

"Make inquiries and you'll hear what I mean," was the occult answer. "I haven't got any myself, but if I had any money to spare, I'd take a few Vera Cruz Electric Trams."

"Electric, are they?" exclaimed The Jobber. "I thought of having some myself, but electric—oh no! Such shocking things, you know!"

"THE INVESTORS' BLUE BOOK, 1912."

We have received a copy of this book (ninth edition). It is a publication containing a full summary of evidence collated regarding some 5500 securities, with opinions based upon such evidence. It reviews their present financial position, and calls attention to their weak as well as their strong points. This seems to us to be what investors require to know in order that they may select such investments as have a fair prospect of success, a good reputation, and from which reasonable interest may be obtained consistent with ordinary commercial security.

"The Investors' Blue Book" is, we believe, independent of any firm of brokers or any finance house, and has been this year enlarged to cover nearly twice as much ground as before. Highest and lowest prices are given over five years, and the book is published at Tower Chambers, London Wall, for the moderate price of 3s. 6d. net.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. A. F.—There is no reason why you should not get 4 per cent. or over with security. English municipal loans will only give you about £3 14s. per cent., but many good Foreign Corporation and Government stocks would suit you, as, for instance, City of Tokyo or Port of Para or Chilian 5 per Cent. New Loan. In all these cases redemption would be at or over market price. If you prefer Colonial Corporations, you could get 4 per cent., with no anxiety as to capital, from Durban, East London, Bombay, Hobart, or many other municipal bonds, all of which have a ready market.

WALES.—We have made inquiries as to the Argentine National Mortgage Bank 6 per Cent. Bonds, and find they are a really good security, guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Argentine Government. The interest is payable in Buenos Ayres, and you would have to hand the bonds to the British Bank of South America, who would collect and remit the interest half-yearly. It is payable July 1 and Jan. 1 in each year.

A. C. D.—The Twenty Year 5 per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, lately issued by Messrs. Speyer at about 98, would suit your requirements. Interest payable Jan. 15 and July 15 in each year.

QUEENSLAND.—The people in question are respectable, but make a good bit of their profits by taking up large blocks of securities at underwriting prices, and then, in reorganising clients' investments, placing the securities they thus hold. We hardly think it advisable to put yourself in their hands, but if you asked for suggestions and communicated with us again, we would advise you.

SPEER.—All your suggestions are good. If you want an Oil investment, stick to Shells.

LEE.—The notices of Companies which appear after correspondence do not express the City Editor's views. We prefer Batu Caves. No space to go into merits here, but still think Bukit Mertajam a fair speculative purchase.

OAK TREE.—The subject is too big to discuss in answer to correspondence. We will try to write a note on it soon.

DELTA.—We doubt Kaffirs even now. We prefer Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"In a Cottage Hospital."

By GEORGE TRELAWNY.

(Werner Laurie.)

A novel with a purpose is apt to be a dreary affair, nor can Mr. George Trelawny's revelations of a cottage hospital be cited as an exception to that rule. Dickens was much more concerned about Pickwick and Micawber than with preparatory schools and the Poor Law. Not so has it been from Zola to Upton Sinclair. And if novelists were—what they once were, this would be cause for regret. No one would like to see Excalibur used for opening a tin of stewed rabbit. But there is no question of Excalibur in the case of Mr. Trelawny. He is just a gentleman convinced that our Cottage Hospitals are, in the classic sense of the phrase, rotten to the core. Cynical indifference, fiendish cruelty, lust and fraud, drunkenness and crime are the order of the hospital at Rebley; and Rebley, he assures us, is no exaggerated example. "*Reader, there is many a Rebley Hospital in England to-day!*" are his last words, and the italics are his own. Therefore, according to his evidence, it is not unusual to find grossly immoral relations between doctors and nurses in these institutions, ending in illegal operations; heartless neglect of patients; dishonesty in the supply of food and drugs; a criminal system of operating, and an utter disregard of proper instruments, syringes, etc., to say nothing of incompetence and inexperience. It is a grave indictment, an indictment of humanity as much as of an institution. To take one of the minor incidents, it seems almost incredible that three or four doctors and surgeons of the town, who were on the honorary staff, should spend the night in revelry, with the nurses sitting on their knees, all smoking, and drinking the brandy which had been given out to the wretched patients, left untended in their wards whilst the party proceeded. It is certainly not always the case that the hospital board is composed of the butcher, baker, greengrocer, laundryman, and other tradespeople, who make an impregnable body, alert for all possible opportunities of defrauding the patients. The arrangement is obviously a bad one, though a parallel might be traced in certain local government bodies. If half of Mr. Trelawny's statements were established, it were infinitely preferable that the sick poor should die in the familiar misery of home. Little can be said for the manner of the story. The young house-surgeon, new to his job, and the only honest man in a den of thieves, ate in his own room alone, and this is how he did it: "He arranged the morning's paper, which he had not previously had time to read, against the cruet-stand, and proceeded to take his meal in his own particular way, first finding a tit-bit of news, and then assimilating it, together with portions of chop and a small quantity of potato formed into a compact little mass, which could be masticated and swallowed by a purely mechanical process without in any way diverting his attention from the mental pabulum before him." It were easier to be a hero to one's valet than to an author who dwells on such detail!

"Men and Dreams."

By MARY E. MANN.

(Mills and Boon.)

"Painted trifles and fantastic toys" is the motto which prepares the reader on the title-page for a collection of rather thin sketches. Stories they cannot be called; mere notes rather, an observation or a fancy not hitherto used up on constructive work. As such, any one of them will pleasantly fill an odd five minutes. The humorous ones, such as "Forty-Five," a neat conceit, are chastened with a graceful sentiment, and those in tragic vein generally manage to edge their clouds with a silver lining of human kindness. But as literature they remain more trifling than coloured, and toys *tout simple* rather than fantastic.

Only nine miles from London Bridge and easily accessible by rail, Farnborough Court Hotel, on Bromley Hill, Kent, offers a pleasant retreat, amid rural surroundings, for those who wish to escape for a while from the dust and din of town. It is a house of many historical associations, but as an hotel it is provided with all the modern refinements of cultured luxury. The hotel stands in extensive grounds, and affords facilities for golf, tennis, croquet, riding, and motoring. The prevailing note of Farnborough Court is an air of distinction and an absence of the commonplace.

Various improvements have been made in the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, of late, the most important of which is the redecoration of the chief dining-room, which is now as handsome as it is comfortable. The general effect—thanks to an admirable scheme of white and gold, relieved by a rich red carpet—is that of lightness and brightness. This room, in which 375 persons can dine at one time, at small tables, has always been noted for the excellence of its catering and service.

Breeders of live-stock will no doubt regard as an indispensable item in their library a copy of "Lang's Breeders' Directory" for 1912, published by Messrs. R. T. Lang, Tudor House, E.C. It gives the names and addresses of the chief breeders of bees, cattle, dogs, goats, horses, pigs, pigeons, poultry, rabbits, and sheep, together with much useful information as to railway rates, appliances, foods, medicines, periodicals, societies, and chambers of agriculture.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 3.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mrs. Asquith Skating in Switzerland; Miss Margherita Van Raalte; A Sitter Photographed as in a Mummy Case; The Parody Programme of the Pallodiseum; Nature the Caricaturist; A German Students' Ball; Miss Dorothy Minto; The German Student's First Day; The German Student at his First Corpskneipe; Tobogganing on a Gold-Mine; Mrs. Karl Volmöller as the Madonna; Mrs. Karl Volmöller; Mohammedans Worshipping.

The Truth about Cigarette Smoking

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The skin that is toned and purified by Valaze is already free of handicap, but for times of continued exposure, Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème (3/- and 6/-) is a preparation of astonishing efficacy. It entirely prevents, as Valaze removes, freckles, sunburn, tan, sallowness, and shrinking of the skin due to heat, wind, or weather. Before leaving the house it should be rubbed in thoroughly, followed by a dusting of Novena Poudre (3/-, 5/6, and 10/6).

Other specialities particularly recommended by Madame Rubinstein during the winter months are: Novena Cerate, a most effective and

natural skin cleanser, without the use of soap and water, 2/6, 4/6, and 12/6 a jar. Valaze Lip Lustre, for dull, blanched, and cracked lips, 2/- and 3/6.

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and deep-seated wrinkles, of puffiness under the eyes, of enlarged or distended pores, greasiness and coarseness of the skin, of blackheads, lines about the eyes, loss of facial contour and looseness of skin

about the neck, which the French so aptly call "*cou de dindon*."

Madame Rubinstein makes no charge for a consultation, so that her advice, by personal interview or letter, is free to all who wish to avail themselves of it.

All orders, enquiries, applications for appointment, and for free booklet, "Beauty in the Making," should be addressed to Madame Helena Rubinstein, Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton St., Mayfair, London, W., or to her new establishment, 255, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, which latter address is recommended to the especial attention of Madame Rubinstein's clients on the Continent. To obtain prompt execution of orders they should be accompanied by remittances.

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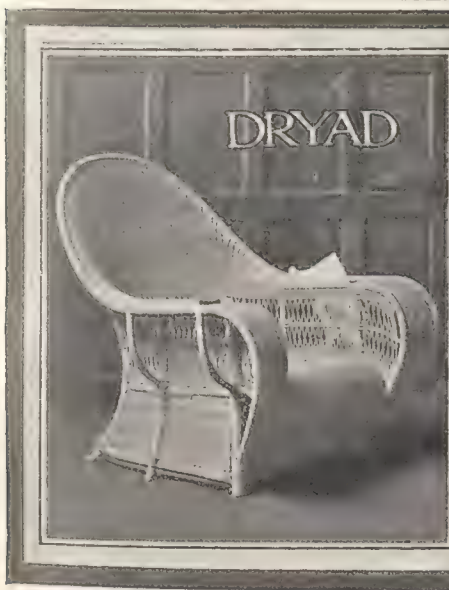


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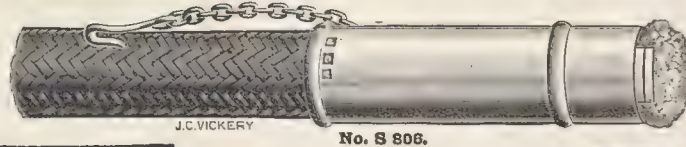
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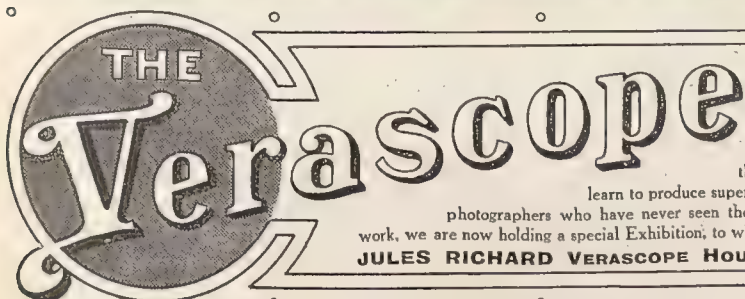
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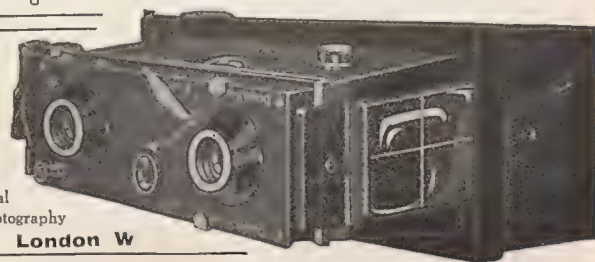
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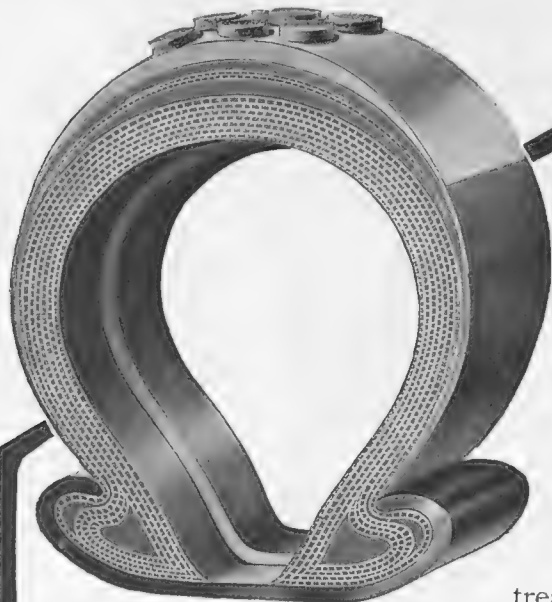
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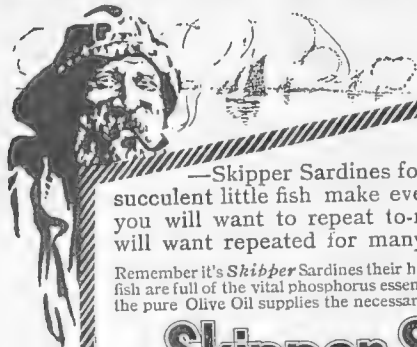
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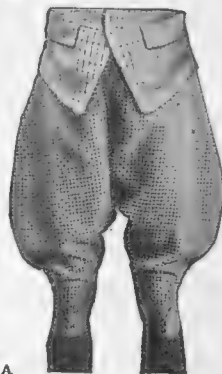
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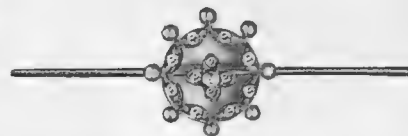
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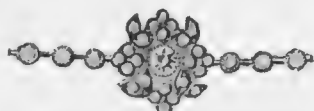
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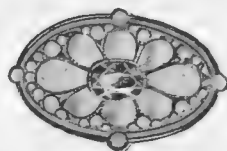
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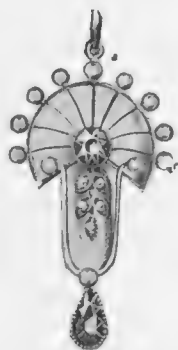
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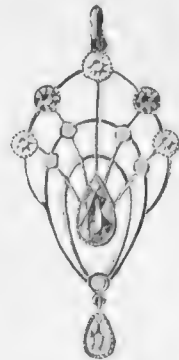
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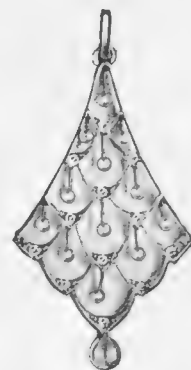
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DAME NATURE DRESSES.

PARIS is agitated, deeply agitated, not over Dreyfus (happily), but over dress. An innovator has arisen, a daring innovator, who, instead of fitting the woman to the dress, has fitted the dress to the woman. Imagine the emotions of the Rue de la Paix! And it was precisely the "Rue de la Paix" that started it, for this is the name of a startling sartorial play now being given at the Paris Vaudeville. And Paul Iribe—for that is the name of the culprit—drew dresses for the "Rue de la Paix"—dresses that caused the critics and dress-experts to cry out. Why? Were they indecent? Did they exhibit and accentuate, to the point of scandal, the female form divine? Not a bit of it. They are not robes collantes, nor are they cleft gowns that expose an impertinent pink knee.

No, Paul Iribe has a horror of such things. He has merely taken woman as she is, and put a gown upon her. He has not deformed the body nor displaced the waist; he has gone back to ancient days for the purity of line. Woman has such a line given her by Dame Nature, and the artist has been respectful of the lady. Nevertheless, the critics have not spared him: the models who flaunt his designs upon the stage in the amusing dressmaker's play of MM. Abel Hermant and de Toledo have been declared to be hideously dressed.

Paul Iribe, who is the kindest of men and beams benevolently upon humanity from behind gold-rimmed spectacles, illuminating a face that is smooth and youthful—like an American with a perfect French accent and no particular enthusiasm for America—is hurt at the hullabaloo. "Come, now," he remarks, by his fireside, "one of the dresses most criticised (you will remark, *most* described) is quite a simple study in black and white. The fashion writer in the *Figaro* described it in a single line: 'Black sheath gown, white open jacket, with a bar of green.' A dress you can describe in a single line cannot be very extravagant, can it?"

Iribe, who has dared to tamper with Paris fashions, treats women as if they were jewels. So, of course, they are—but in another sense. When he takes a jewel—for this is a pastime of his—he gives it the setting that belongs to its shape and colour; he does not hack the stone to fit a conventional setting. A jewel that Mme. Iribe wears at the Vaudeville—for she plays in the Hermant comedy—well expresses the method: and, indeed, it ornaments the incriminated dress. An old Indian emerald of pale green is left five-sided in the form in which it was found, and the ornament it receives, in straight, upstanding spikes of pearls, grows naturally from the stone.

So it is with a woman. She has the dress that best sets forth

her charm and shape. "Of course, you must remember I was working for the theatre," explained the artist, "and, naturally, some of the robes, in point of colour, are exaggerated. They would not serve, say, for a garden-party at Buckingham Palace. But my quieter dresses are unobjectionable. How can you seriously find fault with black and white?"

The Iribe dresses are mostly striped, for that elongates the figure and renders graceful the feminine ellipse. Paris has christened the result the Egyptian style, but M. Iribe will not label them that way. Dress-designers are not, as a rule, accomplished draughtsmen; they are geniuses who, without a real knowledge of drawing, essay to garb the figure of the customer to the best advantage, and form the dress upon a wooden model. In the same way, the deft and artistically untaught fingers of Mimi Pinson trim hats in the ateliers of the Mode. It is instinct—an instinct found only to its full perfection in Paris, where Mme. Paquin (who executes the Iribe robes) has atavic reasons for knowing how to dress the world. For did not her great-grandmother gown the shapely person of Mme. la Pompadour?

But now Paul Iribe comes with his science, to give new—ah! amazingly new covering to the daughters of Eve. But he remembers the body beneath; there is no distortion, no twisting of the figure to suit the dress. Actually, his models are superimposed upon the natural outline. That is the secret and that the reason, the illogical reason, of the outcry.

"Am I too linear, are the dresses too much 'drawn?'" asks the puzzled artist. Readers of *The Sketch* must judge for themselves. In any case, the ordinary dressmaker is more vaporous and more vague. Paris is not captured yet, but it may be. Perhaps England will yield to the fascinations of the new "line"—that England that Iribe loves and knows so well, glorying in its dignity, the "anonymity," the calm of life. Some day, Mme. Iribe may make an unsensational appearance upon the English stage. That is the husband's wish, and it is hers. Meanwhile, the storm in the Place Vendôme is unabated.

In contrast with those of his great friend the First Lord of the Admiralty over his visit to Ulster were Mr. Freddie Smith's genial experiences last week in the Liverpool of his childhood, if not of his birth. Liverpool and both banks of its river have watched his progress in the political world with the fondest faith: it is a region that prides itself on knowing a man of push when it sees one, and in Mr. Smith it sees a man who will push far. "Why did you take Mersey for a title?" Lord Mersey was asked on his promotion to the Lords. "Well," he answered, "I thought I would leave the Atlantic to Smith."

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